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OUR SABBATH HOME

PRAISE BOOK

—EDITORS—

JNO. R. SWENEY and WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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PREFACE.

THE inquiry is sometimes made, "Why issue so many Sabbath-school song book cannot keep pace with all the new music that is published, and have not su the last book yet." On the other hand, it is perhaps more frequently asked, ' is to be the new book for *this* year? we have been using your last book in our Sunday and now are looking for a new book; please send us sample pages of your latest." of these voices shall we obey? It cannot do the first any harm to issue new books, they are not compelled to use them. We have material always on hand—choice pieces a were sung—shall we hold them back until they become antiquated, or at once give them eager throng, ready and willing to receive them? We prefer the latter course,—it is our business to meet just such demands,—and while the schools of the land are enjoying the tiful melody and sacred poetry of the present collection, we will, D. V., continue our lal preparation of a successor to meet other demands when these shall have served their p That each SABBATH HOME may thereby become more attractive and more spiritual is t and earnest prayer of

THE COMPILEI

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OUR

SABBATH HOME PRAISE BOOK.

Our Sabbath Home.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Come, come away to the house of pray'r; Come, like the birds of the spring-time rare, Come to the arms of a
2. Come, come away where we meet to sing Praise to the Lord our Redeemer King, Hearts full of joy to his
3. Come, come away where we all may know How with the Lord we may walk below, Come where his words like a
4. Come, come away where we all may rest, Lambs of the fold, on a Saviour's breast, Come where alone we are

D. S.—Kind are the friends that a-

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Saviour's care, In our Sabbath home. There the purest pleasures, There the brightest treasures;
feet we bring, In our Sabbath home.
fountain flow, In our Sabbath home.
tru - ly blest, In our Sabbath home.

wait us there, In our Sabbath home.

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Go and Teach all Nations.

PRISCILLA J OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. The heathen are weeping far o-ver the sea, The voice of their mourning comes sadly to me;
2. The heathen are dy-ing, yes, day af-ter day, The souls he has purchased are passing a-way,
3. The heathen are waiting his mer-cy un-told; He gives us his gos-pel, he lends us his gold;

Oh, send them a message to brighten each tear, The words of the Master, "Now be of good cheer."
Oh, lift up the curtain from death's weary strife, And tell them that Je-sus says, "I am the Life."
Go, spread the glad tidings where truth is unknown, Go, share in his toil, and find rest by his throne.

CHORUS.

f *p* *f*

Go and teach all nations, Go and teach all nations, Go and teach all nations, 'Tis the Saviour's command;

f *p* *f*

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Go and Teach all Nations.—Concluded.

He is with you al-way, He is with you al-way, He is with you al-way, Enter each distant land.

Jesus, still lead on.

Zinzendorf. W. J. K.

1. Je-sus, still lead on, till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless, We will follow
2. If the way be drear, if the foe be near, Let not faithless fears o'ertake us, Let not faith and

calm and fearless; Guide us by thy hand to our Fatherland.
hope forsake us; For thro' many-a foe to our home we go.

3 When we seek relief from a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring; [more.
Show us that bright shore where we weep no

4 Jesus, still lead on, till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand in our Fatherland.

Arr. by John J Hood.

Yes, I will Praise Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Neath the droppings of the fountain, Flowing now from Calv'ry's mountain, I am sitting, I am sitting all the day;
2. By that fountain, ever flowing, Peace to all and life bestowing, As I linger I can hear the Saviour say,
3. O ye souls that mourn in sadness, He will turn your grief to gladness, And your darkness to the light of perfect day;

There my loving Saviour bro't me, When so tenderly he sought me, Tis the foun tain where he wash'd my sins away.
Who- so - ev - er will believe him, Whosoev - er will receive him, He will never, he will never turn a- way.
If your faith can reach the fountain Flowing now from Calv'ry's mountain, He will cleanse you, he will wash your sins away.

D. S.— millions now in glory I will shout redemption's story In e - ter- nity, when time shall be no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will praise him, my strength and my Redeemer, Yes, I will praise him, and when my days are o'er, With

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Hark! 'tis the Voice.

Henrietta E. Blair. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of the Saviour calling, Come unto me, come un-to me; Sweetly the tones of his
2. How can you turn from the words so tender? Come unto me, come un-to me; Come as you are and your
3. Slight not the voice that is still entreating: Come unto me, come un-to me; Still at the door of your

Cho.—Hark! 'tis the voice of the Saviour calling, Come un-to me, come un-to me; Sweetly the tones of his

Fine.

love are falling, Come, weary soul, unto me; Oh, what a gift your Redeemer gave you, Come and believe,
all surren-der, Come, weary soul, unto me; Haste to be cleans'd at the healing fountain, Come and believe,
heart repeating, Come, weary soul, unto me; Come now and learn of the meek and lowly, Come and believe,

love are falling, Come, weary soul, unto me.

D. C.

come and believe, Now to the cross where he died to save you, Come, weary soul, and be-lieve.
come and believe, Free-ly 'tis flowing from Calv'ry's mountain, Come, weary soul, and be-lieve.
come and believe, Take now the yoke of the pure and ho-ly, Come, wea-ry soul, and be-lieve.

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E. D. B.

The Bright and Happy Land.

E. D. Breddall.

1. We are marching on to a bright and hap - py land, Where the saints and an - gels
2. We will fight for Je - sus as on our way we go, In the bat - tle front we will
3. Come and join our ranks, and for glo - ry make a start, Leave the world and sin, come and

ev - ermore shall stand, Round the throne of God, in a ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing- ing,
fight against the foe; And a crown our Sav - iour up - on us will be- stow, In the
with us take a part,— In the song of victo - ry we'll sing with voice and heart, Hal-le-

D. S.—Je - sus by our side, on our journey he will guide To the

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

glo - ry to the Lamb. Then, come and join us, come and join our happy band, For with
bright and hap-py land. Then, come and join us, come and join us,
lu - jah to the Lamb.

bright and hap-py land.

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His Mercy Endureth Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Give thanks unto God, the Cre - a - tor of all, His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; His blessings a-
2. Give thanks unto God, the Redeemer of men, His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; Repeat the old
3. He leadeth the faithful in pastures of green, His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; He guideth them
4. Give thanks unto God that sal - va - tion is free, And mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er; O, this our glad

round us contin-ual - ly fall, His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er. His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er;
sto - ry again and a - gain, His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er.
onward thro' dangers unseen, His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er.
chorus in Eden shall be, His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

O, praise ye the name of the Lord! His mercy endur - eth for - ev - er; O, praise ye the name of the Lord!

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Nature's Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In the murmur of the breeze There is mu - sic low and sweet, In the gen - tly wav - ing
2. And the bird on air - y wing Seems in mer - ry tones to say, God has taught me how to
3. Let our hearts take up the strain, Let us praise him o'er and o'er, Let us join the glad re-

CHORUS.

trees, And the flow'rs beneath our feet. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Is the
sing, I must praise him all the day.
frain, Till we sing on earth no more.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

language of the skies; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Nature's hap-py voice re - plies.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

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I will Sing His Praises.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In his mercy Jesus sought me, With his precious blood he bought me, Like a shepherd kindly brought me
On its burning sands he found me, Drew his shelt'ring arms around me, With his gentle love he bound me

2. Now in per- fect peace abid - ing, To my Sav- iour all con- fid - ing, How the tranquil moments, gliding,
While his boundless joy partaking, How my raptured soul, awaking, In- to grateful song is breaking,

3. Saved by grace! oh, wondrous story; Hallelu - jah! glory! glo - ry! With the dear ones watching o'er me
I will tell it by the riv - er Flowing on and on for- ev - er, When we meet, no more to sever,

1 2 CHORUS.

From a des- ert drear; ‖ To his fold so dear. Hal- le - lu- jah! halle - lu- jah! I will sing his praises, I will
Bear me near his throne; ‖ Trusting him alone.
From the golden strand; ‖ In the summer land.

sing his prais- es; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I will sing his prais- es ev - er- more.

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Miss Hattie M. Bird.

Christ is Risen.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en, Let our hearts with gladness sing; Nevermore shall tomb im-
2. Oh, that all could know this sto - ry, Of the Saviour's wondrous love, How the Lord left all his
3. If to fol - low him we're striving, And our crosses meekly bear, At his hap - py home ar-

Key D.

pris - on Je - sus Christ, our Lord and King. To our Cap - tain and Defend - er We would
glo - ry, Left his hap - py home a - bove; And to show the love he bore us, And the
riv - ing, We shall in his glo - ry share. Then to him who died to save us, Grateful

rit. Key G.

ev - 'ry tribute pay; Lov - ing ser - vice we would ren - der, On this hap - py Eas - ter Day.
price of sin to pay, O - ver death be - came vic - to - rious, So we keep his Eas - ter Day.
hom - age let us pay, His own life he free - ly gave us, So we keep his Eas - ter Day.

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Christ is Risen.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! sing, hal - le - lu - jah! Let our hearts with glad-

Hal - le - lu - jah! sing, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is risen our Lor

Devotion. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. W

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels thy blood So freely
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part From hi
4. A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd, And full of love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart, T

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Praise Ye the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-na! Praise the Lord with glad acclaim; Lift up our
2. Praise we the Lord! he is the King e-ter-nal; Glo-ry be to God on high! Praise we the

hearts un-to his throne with gladness,—Magnify his ho-ly name. Marching along under his
Lord, tell of his lov-ing kindness,—Join the chorus of the sky. Still marching on, cheeri-ly

ban-ner bright, Trusting in his mer-cy as we go (*trusting we go*), His light divine tender-ly
march-ing on, In the ranks of Je-sus we will go (*ev-er we'll go*), Home to our rest, joyful-ly

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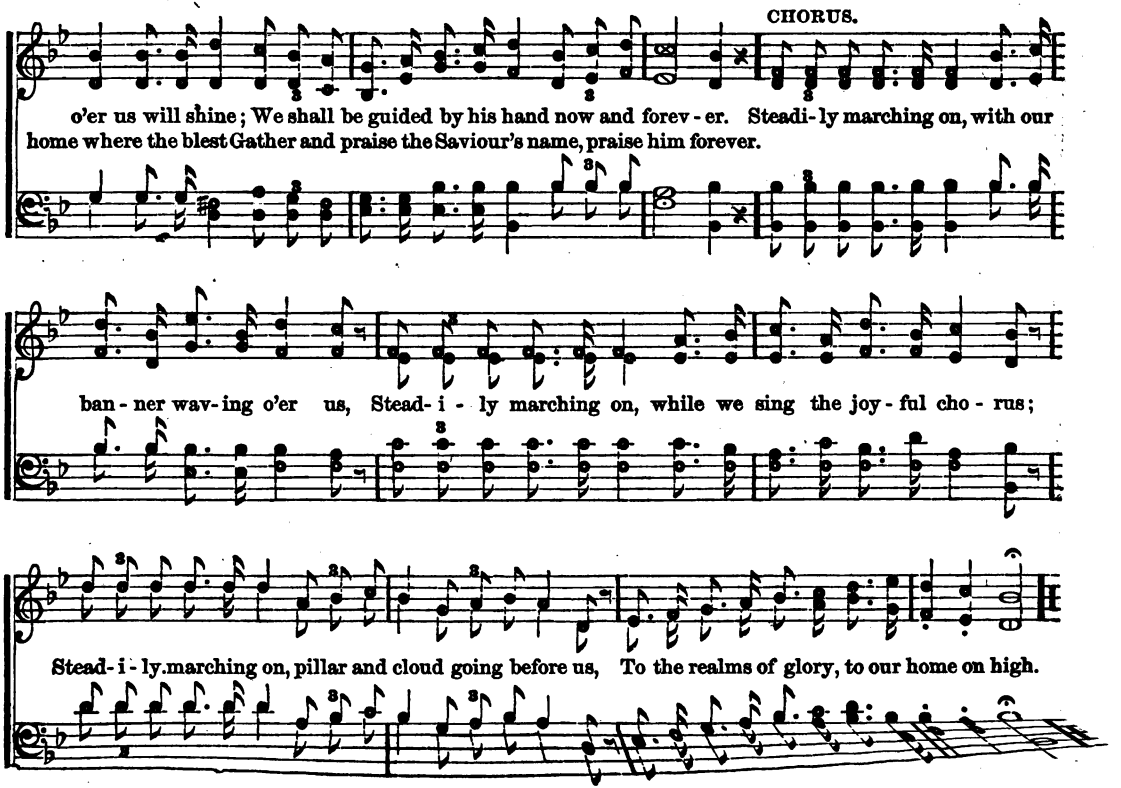
CHORUS.
o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by his hand now and forev - er. Steadi - ly marching on, with our home where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise him forever.
ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, Stead - i - ly marching on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus;
Stead - i - ly marching on, pillar and cloud going before us, To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

Love Immortal.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Love there is that passeth knowledge, Love that bringeth peace and rest; Would'st thou feel its gracious glad - ness, Full and free, and ev - er blest? Go to Je - sus, Fount of Bless - ing,
2. Doubting soul, that knows no Saviour, Knows no hope beyond the sight, Would'st thou feel this love im- mor - tal, Love for - ev - er pure and bright?
3. O believ- ing heart, take courage, Christ hath died, but not in vain; By his woe, and grief, and an - guish, Thou hast ev - er - last- ing gain.
4. Since the love that passeth knowledge Came to conquer sin and woe, All may feel its gracious glad - ness, All its sa - cred joys may know.

CHORUS.

Source of peace and puri- ty, Take the gift he freely of - fers, Love immortal! 'tis for thee.

rit.

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Young Soldiers for Jesus.

JENNIE E. JOHNSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je - sus, And he, our Commander and Friend, Will help us each one to be
2. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je - sus, And promise to follow him still; A place in the Sunday-school
3. Our pathway may sometimes be rugged, Our marching may sometimes be long, But gladly our footsteps shall

D. S.—we are young soldiers for Jesus, And he, our Commander and Friend, Will help us each one to be

Fine.

faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end; Wherev - er the post of our du - ty Let none of us
arm - y To-day we are hap-py to fill; Yes, we are young soldiers for Je - sus, And proudly our
ev - er Keep time to the voice of our song; And oh, when the warfare is o - ver, And Je-sus our

faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

fal - ter nor fear; Remember no danger can harm us When Je-sus our Saviour is near. Oh,
col-ors we show; Our watchword is RIGHT and PRESS ONWARD; We dread not the field nor the foe.
Saviour shall come, How sweetly we'll rest on his bo - som, In E - den, dear E- den our home.

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He Comes.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENE

1. A-wake! a-wake! O Zi-on, lift thy voice! In the Lord thy God for-ev-ermore
2. He comes! he comes! the faithful watchmen cry; To the hills look up and wave his banne

joice; A-rise! a-rise! be-hold, the night is past, And the day has come at last;
high! He comes! he comes! with trumpet tongue proclaim Our re-demp-tion thro' his name

Let thy harp re-sound as once it rang In the grand old time of thy strength an
Oh, the songs, glad songs that now we raise In the dear re-treat where we love to

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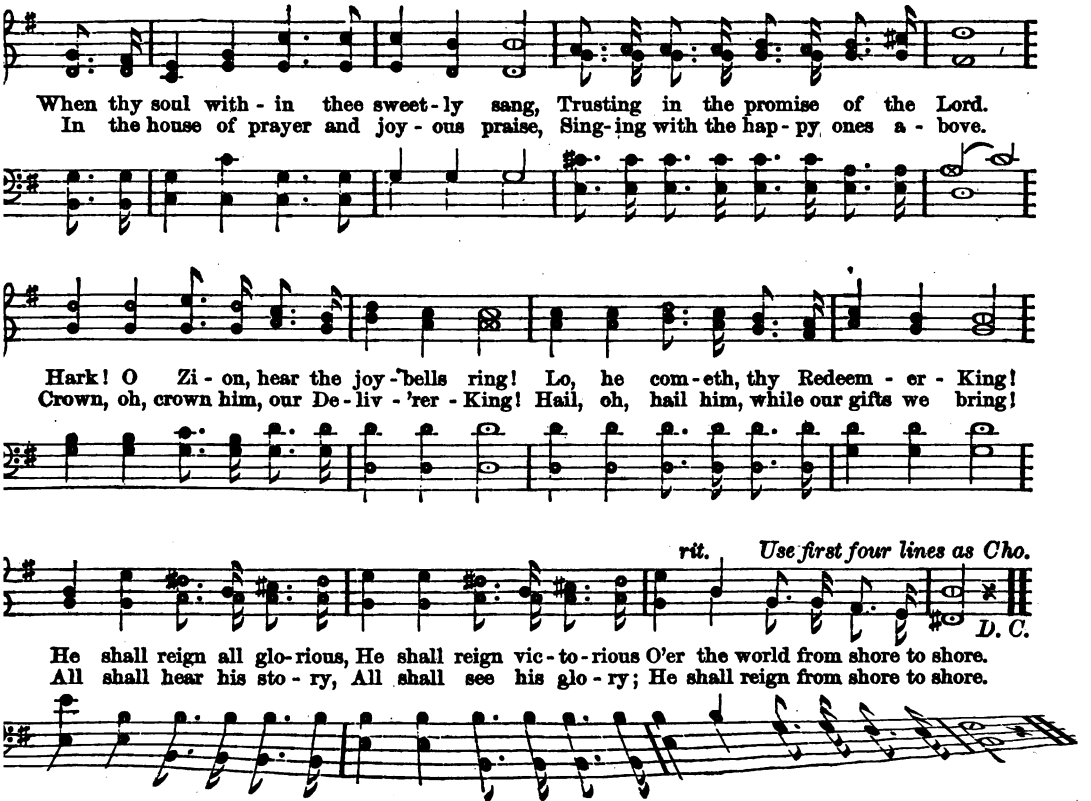
When thy soul with - in thee sweet - ly sang, Trusting in the promise of the Lord.
In the house of prayer and joy - ous praise, Sing - ing with the hap - py ones a - bove.
Hark! O Zi - on, hear the joy - bells ring! Lo, he com - eth, thy Redeem - er - King!
Crown, oh, crown him, our De - liv - 'rer - King! Hail, oh, hail him, while our gifts we bring!
rit.
Use first four lines as Cho.
D. C.
He shall reign all glo - rious, He shall reign vic - to - rious O'er the world from shore to shore.
All shall hear his sto - ry, All shall see his glo - ry; He shall reign from shore to shore.

His Love and

E. Johnson.

1. O day of rest, divine - ly blest, We come with thy re- turn - ing To wor-
2. We praise the Lord whose sacred word With life and light is glow- ing, Its ev - 'ry
3. His word is pure, his promise sure, His love no power can sev - er; His truth shall last
4. God bless our school, our Sunday-school, Its numbers still in - creas - ing, Till we a- bove pro-

CHORUS.

Sav - iour dear, By faith his smile dis - cern - ing. Our songs of praise we glad - ly raise, Our
youth and age A prom- ise sweet be - stow - ing.
years have passed And time has gone for - ev - er.
claim his love, with rap - ture nev - er - ceas - ing.

While thus we meet at Je- sus' feet, His love and mer- cy tell - ing.

'Neath the Cross.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

1. At the cross, and 'neath it on - ly, Finds the troubled heart re - lief; There's a balm beneath its sha - dow That can soothe all earth-ly grief. Blessed cross, on which the Saviour Bled and died that we might live; Un - to all who hide be- neath it He e - ter - nal life will give.
2. Tri- als come and tempests shatter All our earth- ly hopes to dust; Yet we find re - lief and ref - uge, 'Neath the cross of him we trust.
3. O how sweet to know that ev - er We've a friend that loves us true, Who will nev - er, nev - er leave us, Nev - er veil the cross from view.
4. Blessed Sav - iour, wilt thou ev - er Keep us hum - bly at thy cross, Hid - ing ev - er 'neath its sha - dow, Counting all besides but dross.

CHORUS.

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Sweetly Resting.

Miss Abbie Mills.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sweet - ly rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, I would sing a Saviour's love, How he sought me
2. When he found me I was wea - ry, With my burden pressing sore; All the way seemed
3. Sweet - ly rest - ing, trust - ing Je - sus, On - ly he could give such peace As with - in my
4. While I lean up - on his bos - om He himself my burden bears, And he gives me

when a stranger, Bid - ding me no lon - ger rove. Sweetly rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing,
sad and drear - y, All my sky was clouded o'er, Sweetly rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing,
heart is nestling, With a joy that ne'er shall cease, Sweetly rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing,
blest as - surance, That for me, for me he cares, Sweetly rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing,

I will not from him remove, Sweetly rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, I will not from him remove
Now I'll praise him evermore, Sweetly rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, Now I'll praise him evermore
Sing-ing my complete release, Sweetly rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, Sing-ing my complete releas
Heav'nly bliss my spirit shares, Sweetly rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, Heav'nly bliss my spirit shar

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Take Courage.

CHAS. T. HAINES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { Thank God and take courage, re-joice ev-er-more! For he on whose promise we stand
Shall know of a surety the way that we go, And prosper the work of our hand. }

2. { Thank God and take courage, of this we are sure, That he, our Re-deemer and Friend,
Whose goodness and mer-cy thus far we have proved, Will lead us safe on to the end. }

CHORUS.

Re-joice ev-er-more! re-joice evermore! Till shouting we anchor on Canaan's bright shore; Then pur-er and sweeter our rapture will be, For there in his beauty the King we shall see.

3 Thank God and take courage, though trials we meet
Remember the Saviour is nigh,
One kind, *gentle word from his* dear, loving voice
Will sweep every cloud from our sky.

4 Thank God and take courage, our vigor renew,
Press on to the mansions above,
The mansions that Jesus has gone to prepare
For those who abide in his love.

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Coming Home To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPA

1. 'Tis the gos-pel message, Hark! we hear it say, Leave the world for Jesus, Haste without d
2. Who-so-ev-er thirsteth, Let them now draw near To the waters flow-ing Ev-er bright a
3. Leave the world for Jesus, Cling to him a-lone: Oh, the ten-der mer-cy Thro' the Saviou

Leave the world for Je-sus, Hap-py we shall be; We are coming, glad-ly coming, Lord, to
To the liv-ing wa-ters Welcome all shall be: We are coming, glad-ly coming, Lord, to
From the yoke of bondage He has made us free; We are coming, glad-ly coming, Lord, to

CHORUS.

Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day, We are coming, glad-ly coming, Coming, Lord,

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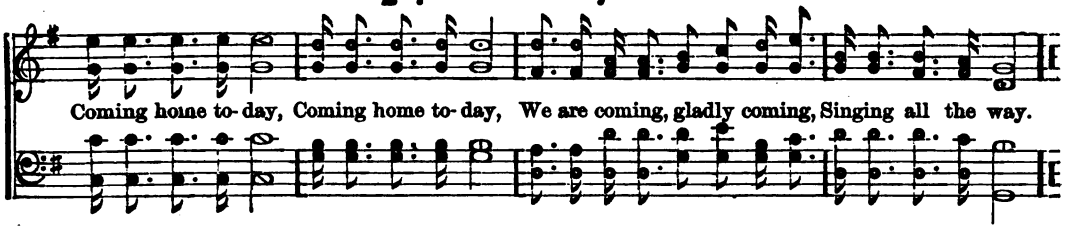
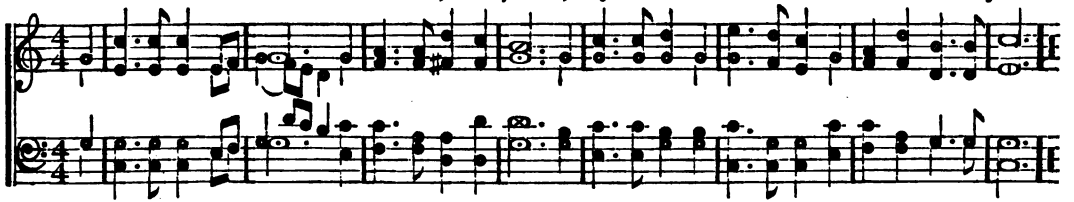
Coming Home To-day.—Concluded.



Stokes, S. M.

W. J. K.



Come, sound His praise.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works *and not our own;*
He formed us by his word.

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4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

I. Watts.

Arise, ye Saints.

1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, thro' grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light; [cheer,
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly

Behold, the Fields are White.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near; The summons of the
2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la-bor-ers are few, The gath'ring of the
3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas-ter soon will come, And car-ry with re-

Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And
har-vest must By grace de-pend on you: Go forth throughout the bu-sy world, The
joic-ing heart His gathered troph-ies home; And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While

bind the precious sheaves, And gar-ner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives.
world of want and sin, And gath-er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy-ing millions in.
glad-ly he re-ceives From oth-ers in the har-vest field A load of precious sheaves.

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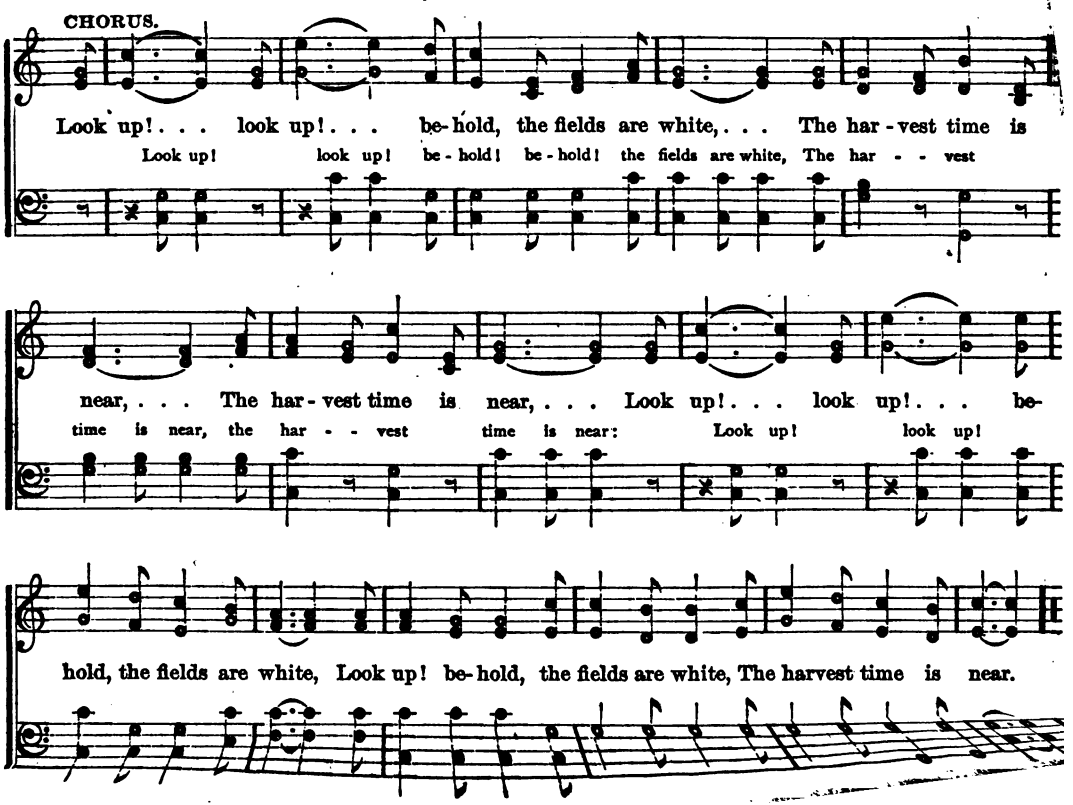
Behold, the Fields are White.—Concluded.



For Me,

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRI

Moderato.

1. Dear Lord, in simple faith a- lone I cling to thee, Because I know thy precious blood Was shed fo
2. I ask no other hand but thine My steps to guide; No other voice to soothe my heart When sorely
3. Thy will how sweet where'er it lead, Whate'er it be; Yea, let thy righteous will, O Lord, Be done i
4. And when on earth my weary feet Shall cease to roam, Dear Saviour, in thy mercy come And take me h

REFRAIN.

For me the crown of thorns that pierced thy brow, For me the cru - el cross, I know it no

for me for me

For me thy cleansing blood so free - ly flows, To cov - er all my sins, and heal my wo

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Oh, to be more like Jesus.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. E. Dortch.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Ten - der and true and kind: Do - ing the Fa - ther's plea - sure, Seeking the lost to find.
2. Guiding the faint and wea - ry Up to the home a - bove, Filled with the grace of mer - cy, Filled with the light of love.
3. Tho' we be called to suf - fer, Bear - ing with joy the cross; Self, with its cares for- get - ting, Counting not gain or loss.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Treading the path he trod; Giv - ing our lives for oth - ers, Trust - ing our all to God.

By permission.

Great and Mighty.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great and mighty is the God who reigneth, King, Creator, and the Lord of all; Robed in majest- y and
2. O ye nations of the earth, adore him! O ye people, in the Lord rejoice! Come before him with a
3. Tho' he dwelleth on the mount of Zi- on, Now exalt- ed to the throne above, He is mer- ci- ful to
4. Come and worship our divine Redeemer, Oh, the rapture that he longs to give; Come, and trusting in his

CHORUS.

light trans-cend- ent, Thrones and monarchs at his feet shall fall. Praise the Lord, the Mighty One!
cheer- ful spir - it, Sing his praises with a tune- ful voice.
those who fear him, He is gracious and a God of love.
power to save you, Touch his sceptre and your soul shall live.

Praise the Lord: his triumph sing! He shall reign victorious King, Reign from shore to shore; Sing aloud, with

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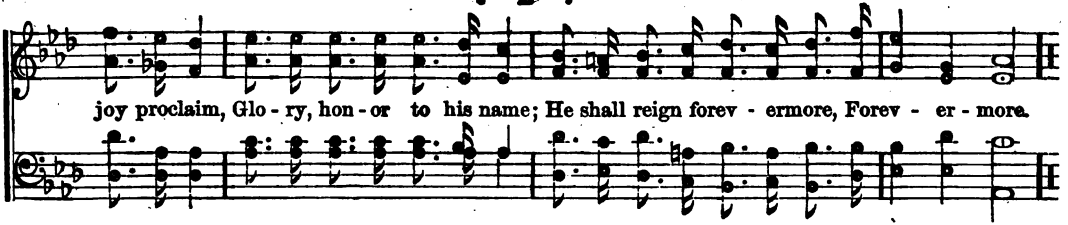
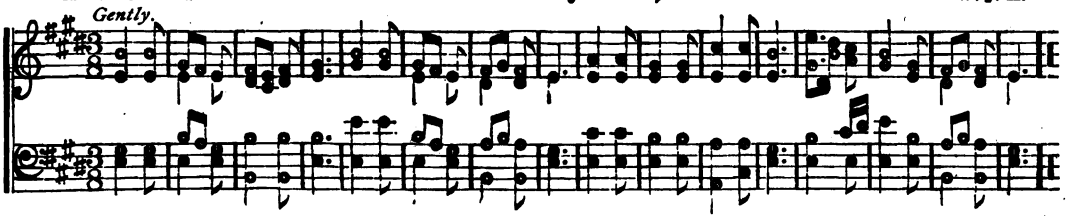
Great and Mighty.—Concluded.



Lov'st thou Me? 7s.

William Cowper. W. J. K.



1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

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What is your Prospect?

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Oh, what is your prospect, poor sin- ner? And where is your refuge to - day? The mer - cy of
2. Oh, what is your prospect, poor sin- ner? The world like a shadow is vain; If there you are
3. Each moment is bringing you near - er And near- er the brink of the grave; Why cling to the
4. Be-hold, at your heart he is knock- ing! He calls, and entreats you to come; Then haste, while his

CHORUS.

God you are slight - ing, And grieving his Spir- it a - way. Come, come, turn to him now;
look-ing for com - fort, 'Twill give you but sorrow and pain.
hopes that must per- ish? There's no one but Je - sus can save.
arms are ex- tend - ed To welcome the pro- di- gal home.

rit.

Why, oh, why will you die? Come, come, turn to him now; Why, oh, why will you die?

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Who shall roll away the Stone?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Moderato.

1. Who shall roll a - way the stone? Who shall break the silence lone? Who shall lift the hea- vy gloom,
2. How our tears of anguish flowed, As we sought his dark abode; When we reach'd that place of death
3. Lo, the grave-clothes folded lie, While an an - gel makes re- ply, "Seek not here your ris - en Lord,
4. Tell the slaves of guilt and shame, Christ their ransom free became; Tell the mourner bowed in gloom,

O'er the Saviour's tomb? Joy - - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing! Christ is ris - en, Christ is King;
Fear was changed to faith. Joy-ful hal-le - lu - - - - jahs sing! Christ is ris- en, Christ is King;
Spread his truth a - broad.
Angels watch the tomb.

rit.

Sing above the open grave, Christ is strong to save! Sing above the open grave, Christ is strong to save!

Sing,

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Miss Hattie M. Bird.

Joyously Sing!

J. Stanley

1. Joy- ous - ly sing, joy- ous - ly sing The prais - es of Je - sus, our heav - en - ly K
2. Kneel at his cross, joy- ous - ly roll The bur - den, so heav - y, of guilt, from thy s
3. Trusting in Christ, joy- ous - ly tread The pathway of du - ty, where Je - sus hath l

Cho.—Joy- ous - ly sing, joy- ous - ly sing The prais- es of Je - sus, our heav- en - ly I

Let ev' - ry voice sing of his love, Till heav - en shall e - cho the cho - rus a -
Doubt not his love, doubt not his grace, His blood, free - ly shed, all thy sins can ef -
Je - sus thy King soon shalt thou see, On E- den's bright shore he is waiting for

Sing of his goodness, sing of his love, Till heav- en shall e - cho the cho - rus a -

Oh, sing of his mer - cy, so boundless and free, His mer - cy, which pardons a sin - ner like

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO

The White Fields.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Lo! the fields are white unto the harvest now [harvest now], But the lab'rers, where are they?
2. If we can-not with the reapers bear the toil [bear the toil], Binding up the hea - vy grain;
3. But we know the glorious harvest home is near [home is near], And the time will not be long,

To the mighty Lord of harvest let us look [let us look], Let us for more lab'r - ers pray.
If we on- ly with the gleaners bear our part [bear our part], We will la - bor not in vain.
Till the reap- ers and the gleaners shall return [shall return], Bringing sheaves with joyful song.

CHORUS.

Watching, wait- ing, hop - ing, pray- ing, Read - y when the Mas - ter shall ap - pear.

From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.

Heart and Voice we Raise.

JENNIE LEWIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To God we render in this dear re- treat Songs of praise, grateful praise, Gladly sitting at the
2. O may we treasure in the days of youth Words so dear, taught us here; May each promise from the
3. Once more our tribute to his praise we bring, Christ our Lord, gracious Lord, Glad hosannas to his

CHO.—To God we render in this dear re- treat Songs of praise, grateful praise, Gladly sitting at the

Fine.

Master's feet, Heart and voice we raise; Like a shepherd kind is he, O'er his flock presiding,
page of truth Shine, our path to cheer, He whose tender mercies fall, Like a riv- er flowing,
name we sing, Trusting in his word; Thus re- joicing let us go, In the path of du- ty,

Master's feet, Heart and voice we raise.

D.C.

Still the faithful guid- ing Where the pastures green they see, By the waters sparkling free.
Peace and life bestow - ing; He who watches o - ver all, Hears the children when they call.
Bright with love and duty, Till e - ter - nal joys we know Where the fruits of E- den grow.

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Rev. J. H. Martin. **Beautiful Mansions of Glory.** Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Beau- ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, Land of the hap- py and blest, Ci - ty of brightness and splen- dor, E - den of gladness and rest.
2. Beau- ti - ful home of the an - gels, Land by the ser-aph- im trod, Mansions prepared for the righteous, Rest of the peo - ple of God.
3. There is the ci - ty im- mor - tal: Canaan, ce - les-tial and fair, Blooming with verdure un- fad - ing, Free from all sickness and care.
4. There is the home of the wea - ry, There is the end of the race; There is the crown of the vic - tor, Winning the triumph by grace.

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful home, beau- ti - ful home, Land of the hap - py and blest; Beau- ti - ful home, beau- ti - ful home, E - den of gladness and rest.

ad lib.

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To-day there is Gladness in Heaven.

E. E. Rexford. D. E. Dortch.

1. Re-joice! for the wand'rers are com-ing, To find, at the foot of the cross,
2. They're won by the sto-ry of Je-sus, And kneel-ing low down at his feet,
3. Go tell the glad tid-ings, my broth-er, That wand'rers are com-ing to God,
4. Oh, if we could see in-to heav-en, What joy we could wit-ness to-day,

The peace which the world can-not give them, The trea-sure un-min-gled with dross.
The pen-i-tent plead-eth for par-don, And find-eth it full and com-plete.
The Spir-it is striv-ing with sin-ners, Oh, pub-lish the sto-ry a-broad!
O'er-the com-ing of souls to the Sav-iour, Whose blood washeth sin-stains a-way.

D. S.—That sin-ners are com-ing to Je-sus; Thank God, they no long-er re-fuse.

CHORUS.

To-day there is glad-ness in heav-en Be-cause of the glo-ri-ous news,

Fine *D. S*

By permission.

Will You Come?

Carrie M. Wilson. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Will you come with us to Jesus, will you seek him while you may? He is asking you to come, he is urging you to
2. Will you give your hearts to Jesus, and your many faults confess? He is asking you to come, he is urging you to
3. Will you give your all to Jesus, and the better life pursue? He is asking you to come, he is urging you to
4. Would you like to go and see him, when you leave the world behind? He is asking you to come, he is urging you to

Fine.

come; Oh, the pleasure you are losing ev'ry moment you de-lay To prepare for the soul's bright home.
come; He is waiting to receive you, and your happy souls to bless; Then prepare for the soul's bright home.
come; Will you give your all to Jesus, who has done so much for you, And prepare for the soul's bright home?
come; Such a tender, loving Saviour you will never, never find; Then prepare for the soul's bright home.

D. S.—Oh, the pleasure you are losing! then to Je- sus haste away, And prepare for the soul's bright home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Will you come? . . Oh, quickly come; Will you come? . . Oh, quickly come;
Will you come? quickly come; Will you come? quickly come;

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The Beautiful Homes of the

Hebrews iv. 9.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford.

1. There remain - eth a rest for the peo - ple of God, There remain - eth a glo - ri - ous rest;
2. There remain - eth a rest for the peo - ple of God In the mansions of glo - ry a - bove;
3. There remain - eth a rest for the peo - ple of God! Oh, who can re - veal its re - pose,
4. There remain - eth a rest for the peo - ple of God! Their moments of suf - fer - ing o'er,

Fine.

S: A rest from the sins and the sor - rows of earth, In the beau - ti - ful homes of the blest.
On the ev - ergreen banks of the wa - ters of life, In the land of in - ef - fa - ble love.
That per - fec - tion of bliss which the ransomed en - joy, While the tide of e - ter - ni - ty flows
The glo - ri - fied sons and the daughters of light, Shall shine as the stars ev - er - more

2. S.— smile of the Lord as the feast of the soul, In the beau - ti - ful homes of the

ful homes, The beau - ti - ful homes of the blest,

Joy Cometh in the Morning.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Oh, wea- ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning! For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morn-ing! Joy cometh in the morn - ing! Weeping may endure, may endure for a night, But joy cometh in the morning.
2. Ye fee- ble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning! And, weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning!
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy cometh in the morning! And ev - 'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morning!
4. Our God will wipe our tears a - way, For joy cometh in the morning! Sor- row and sighing flee a- way, For joy cometh in the morning!

CHORUS.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Return of the Prodigal.

Mrs. R. N. Turner.

Dr. H. L.

1. I was a wand'rer once from home,—I left its fragrant field and vine,—I wea-ried of the
2. I took the por-tion that was mine And traveled o-ver sea and land; I sought for joy and
3. I went in pen-i-tence and grief, With all my weight of woe and sin, My Fa-ther saw me

dai-ly toil,—The task and por-tion that were mine,—So brightly gleamed the joys of earth, I
found—a-las!—It turned to ash-es in my hand! And when, my name and for-tune gone, In
from a-far, And bade me glad-ly en-ter in; He greet-ed me as one long lost, And

:S:

CHORUS.—O Fa-ther's love, so great and true, That

D. S.

longed to make their bliss my own; Oh, I had left them all untouched, Had I their bitterness but known.
hunger des-o-late I lay, I thought me of my Father's house, And longed to enter in and stay.
I wept up-on his breast, He welcomed me with joyful heart To home at last, sweet home and rest.

nev-er stray Again from home, dear home, and

DO RE MI FA SO

Our Blessed Sabbath Home.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our merry, merry hearts are bounding, Another happy day from labor calls away, Where cheerful songs of
2. He laid aside his crown of glory That we might enter there, eternal life to share; Oh, come and hear the
3. How tenderly he now is calling: Dear children, come to Me, and you shall happy be; How loving-ly the
4. Then turn away from earthly pleasure: In purer songs of joy these golden hours employ; Oh, come and find a

CHORUS.

praise are sounding In yonder bright, blessed Sabbath home. Oh, come and join us while we gladly sing,
wondrous sto - ry In yonder bright, blessed Sabbath home.
words are fall - ing In yonder bright, blessed Sabbath home.
priceless treasure In yonder bright, blessed Sabbath home.

Gladly sing, gladly sing The love of Jesus, our Redeemer-King, In yonder bright, blessed Sabbath home.

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For You and for Me.

Will L. Thompson.

Very Slow. pp *m*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me; See, on the portals he
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger a
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; Shadows are gatherin
4. Oh, for the wonderful love he has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned he

CHORUS. *m* *cres.*

waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home, Ye who a
heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
mer-cy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

weary, come home; Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission.

Go Forth!

Rev. J. H. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Be - side all wa- ters sow the seed, Broadcast it on the soil, Of wind and clouds take thou no heed, Work on with pa- tient toil. Go forth! go forth! and with a lib -'ral hand,
2. How great the fruit thou knowest not: What seeds to life shall spring, What ground shall prove a bar - ren spot, Or which a har- vest bring.
3. The fowls a portion may de- vour, And some with fee - ble root, Scorched by the sun's hot with'ring pow'r, May bear no per - fect fruit.
4. But oth - er, fall- ing in rich loam, A large increase shall yield; The sow - ers, shouting, Harvest Home, With joy shall reap the field.

CHORUS.

Scatter the seed a - round, all around, Disperse it free - ly, free- ly o'er the land, Where'er a field is found.

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In the Hollow of His Hand.

DELOSS EVERETT. WM. CASSELL.

1. I am saved in Christ my Saviour, And my sins are all forgiven, Now by faith I'm trav'ling onward
2. I am saved in Christ my Saviour; Tho' the waves about me roll, I am on the Rock of A-ges,
3. I am saved in Christ my Saviour! Oh, what joy to me he's given! For I'm thinking of the mansion

To my home in yonder heaven; Earthly cares may oft surround me,—Trials come on ev'ry hand,—
And he saves my trusting soul; And I know if I am faithful I shall see him in that land,
He's prepared for me in heaven; And there's many, many mansions For them in that happy land,

CHORUS.

But my Saviour keeps me safely In the hollow of his hand. And I know if I am faith-ful
For his promise is to keep me In the hollow of his hand.
Who will have their Saviour keep them In the hollow of his hand.

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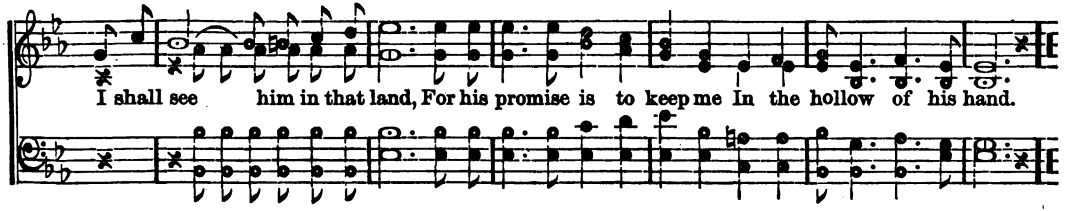
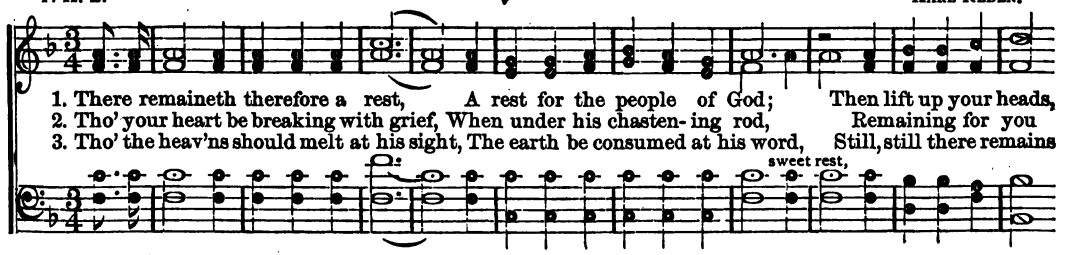
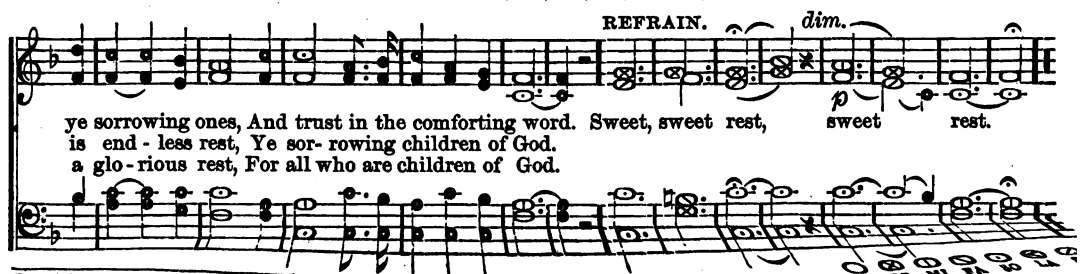


Rest.

F. H. Z. Karl Reden.





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Is it Well with Us, my Brother?

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

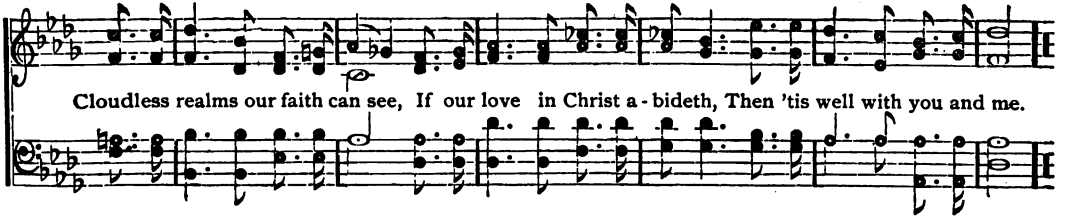
1. Is it well with us, my brother, Is it well with you and me? Let us ask our souls the question,
2. Are we do - ing work for Jesus That shall tell when time is past? Are we liv - ing for his glo - ry,
3. Is it well with us, my brother, Do the founts of grace abound? If the Master now should call us

Let us look with - in and see; Is it well with us my brother? Are we ready,— you and I,—
Ev - 'ry day as if our last? Do we feed the poor, and clothe them, With a cheerful, loving hand?
At our post would we be found? May he find us watching, waiting, When he comes to claim his own,

CHORUS.

For the coming of the Bridegroom, Should we hear the midnight cry? If beyond the vale and shad
Are we lift - ing up the fal - len, As our Master gave command?
May each of us be gathered With the saints around his throne.

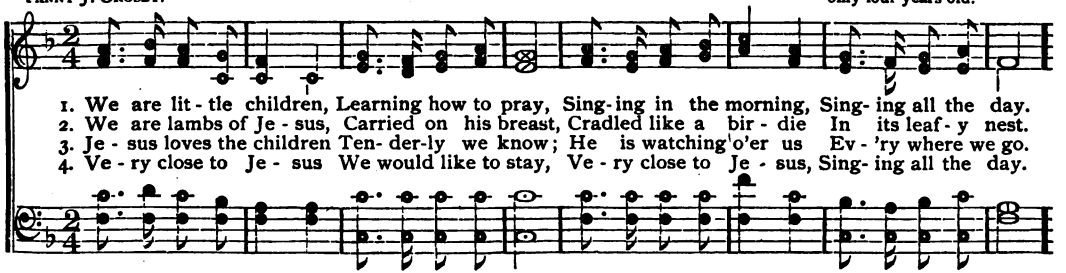
Is it Well with Us, my Brother?—Concluded.

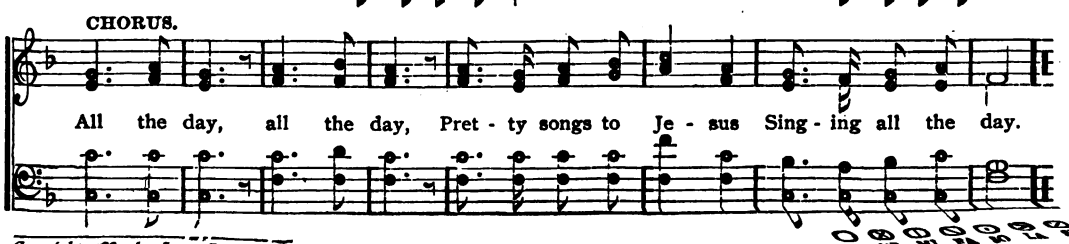


Infant Song.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Melody by Josephine H. Sweney, only four years old.





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There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a blessing at the cross for me;
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a blessing at the cross for me;

Fine.

I have found a spring of joy that the world can never know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
I am learning there by faith my Redeemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
I was dead but now I live since my Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
I can pil- low now my head on his gen- tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

D. S.— found a spring of joy that the world can never know, There's a, etc.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! hallelu - jah! Still my hap- py, hap- py song shall be; I have

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All is well.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Though I journey day by day Thro' a toilsome, rugged way, Faith has taught me how to say, All is
2. Ma- ny crosses though I bear, Ma- ny tri- als though I share, Je- sus feels my ev - 'ry care: All is
3. Calm or tempest, joy or pain, Health or sickness, loss or gain, I can sing the glad refrain: All is

well; Trusting him who leadeth me, Trusting where I cannot see, This my happy song shall be,
well; With his loving hand in mine, Tho' my earthly hopes decline, I can say, by grace divine,
well; I am safe whate'er may come, I am safe where'er I roam; Pressing onward, looking home,
all is well;

D. S.—Trusting him who leadeth me, Trusting where I cannot see, This my happy song shall be,

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

All is well. All is well, all is well, All is well, all is well;

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Awake, Arise!

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Awake! a- rise! the morn is bright, The heavenly dews are fall- ing! O come while life is young and fair, The Master's voice is call - ing! With - in the ho - ly gar - den walls The precious seed be sow - ing; And God shall give the blest increase, As stream to river flowing.

2. There's work for ev-'ry - one to do Where brother meets a broth - er, A word of love, a kind - ly deed, A zeal for one an - oth - er! The precious seed must take its root And spring in fervent gladness; The grieving heart must yield to hope, And joy must conquer sadness.

3. The lit - tle hands can gath- er flowers, By many a wayside hid - den, And where the toil - ing feet must pass, Can scat - ter them un - bid- den; Then while our hearts are warm and young, An life is bright before us; We'll sow the seed, and trust in him Whose love is ev - er o'er us.

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Awake, Arise!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Awake, to work! awake, to work! The heav'n-ly dews are fall - - - ing; Go,

Awake, to work! awake, to work! Awake, the heav'nly dews are falling, heav'nly dews are falling; Go,

sow the seeds of love and faith, The Mas - ter's voice is call - ing.

sow the seeds, the seeds of love and faith, The Master's voice, the Master's voice is call - ing.

Holy, Holy, Lord! 7s.

Arr. by J. E. Gould.

Adagio.

OPENING PIECE.

Ho-ly, holy, holy, Lord! Fill'd with thee, let all things cry,

Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd, "Glo - ry be to God most high."

I must have the Saviour with me.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Swenen.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must feel his presence near me, And his
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can whisper words of comfort That no
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I reach the vale of Jordan, Till I

CHORUS.

arm around me thrown. Then my soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he
other voice can speak. fear no ill,
bat- tle and the strife.
cross the rolling tide.

he will, I will go without a mur- mur, And his foot-steps fol - low

Save me now, Lord.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.

1. Bles- sed Lord, thy in - vi - ta - tion Finds me helpless by the way; I would know thy great sal-
2. I have read the old, old sto - ry, And it touch'd my burden'd heart, How, O blessed Son of
3. Like a sheep lost on the mountains, Like a wand'rer from the fold, I have drank at sin's deep

va- tion, Save me, Jesus, while I pray! Weak and needy, poor and sin- ful, Humbly at thy feet I
glory! Thou did'st take the sinner's part; On the earth thou, pure and sinless, Walk'd in raiment white as
fountains With no shelter from the cold; Standing near the pit of darkness, While the tempests round me

bow, Mer - it I have none to of - fer, Save me, Je - sus, save me now: || me now.
snow, Make my garments like un- to it, Save me, Je - sus, save me now: || me now.
blow, Lord, I see my soul's great danger, Save me, Je - sus, save me now: || me now.

By permission.

Now He abides in me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul with rapture is bounding, A smile from Jesus I see; He knows how truly I love him,
2. My heart is troubled no long- er, His word I ful- ly be- lieve; Sweet peace, all knowledge excelling,
3. My heart is troubled no long- er, No more with sorrow oppressed, I leave it all to the Sav- iour,

And now he abides in me; For him—my blessed Redeem- er—The world I gladly re - sign,
From Je- sus I now re - ceive; With deep and fervent de- vo - tion His cross I cheerfully bear,
For he is my constant guest; Oh, may I ev - er prove faithful, While here my dwelling shall be,

CHORUS.

I care no more for its pleasures, Since Jesus the Lord is mine. My soul with rapture is bounding,
And oh, how precious the promise, My Saviour will answer prayer.
And then a rest in his kingdom I know will remain for me.

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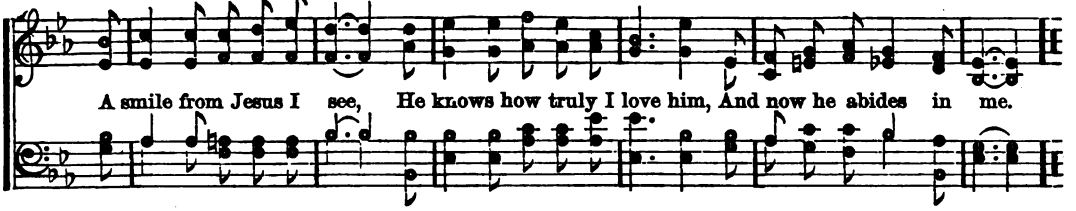
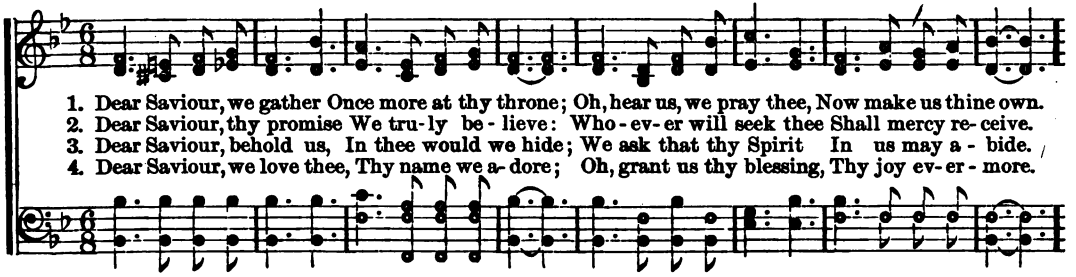
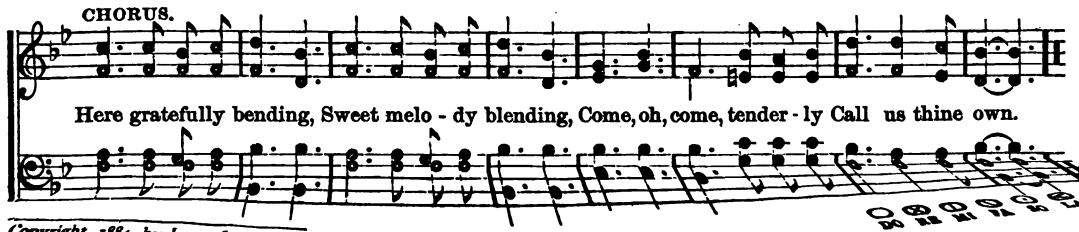
Now He abides in me.—Concluded.



Call us Thine own.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





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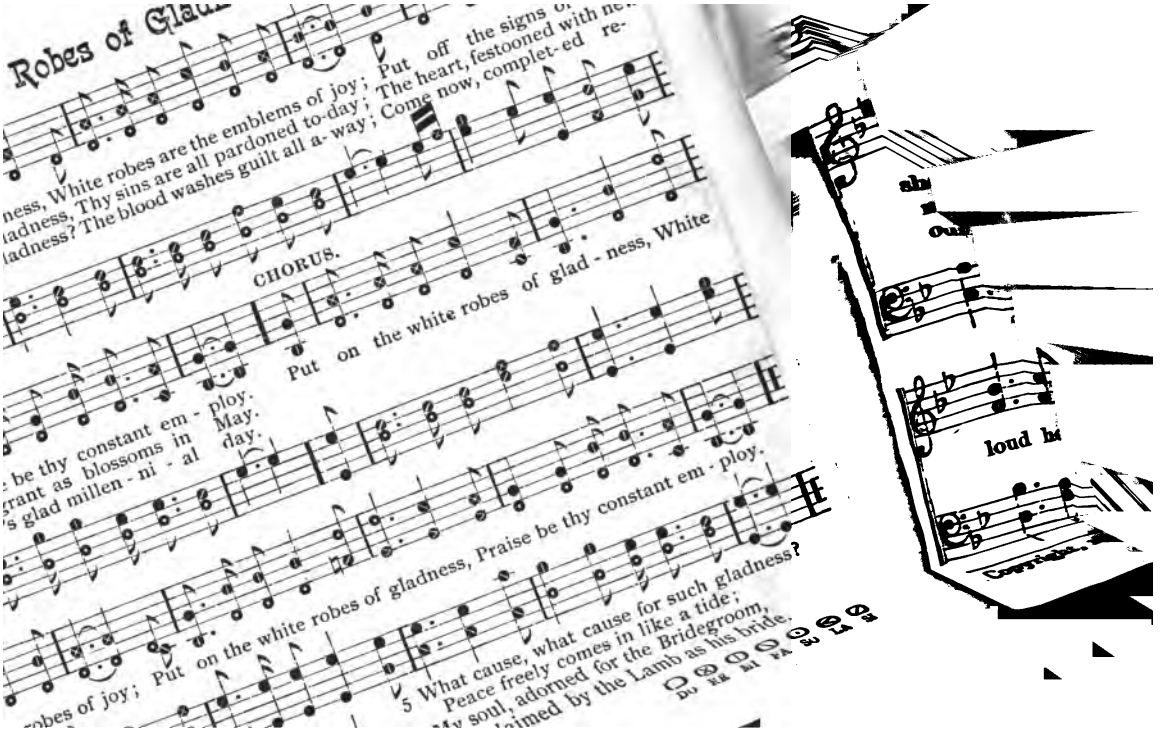
Robes of Glad
ness, White robes are the emblems of joy; Put off the signs of
adness, Thy sins are all pardoned to-day; The heart, festooned with ne
adness? The blood washes guilt all a-way; Come now, complet-ed re-
CHORUS.
Put on the white robes of glad - ness, White
be thy constant em - ploy.
grant as blossoms in May.
's glad millen - ni - al day.
robes of joy; Put on the white robes of gladness, Praise be thy constant em - ploy.
5 What cause, what cause for such gladness?
Peace freely comes in like a tide;
My soul, adorned for the Bridegroom,
claimed by the Lamb as his bride.
DO RE MI FA
loud h

The Highway of the Lord.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Wm. J. Kn

Allegro.

1. Prepare the highway of the Lord, The highway of our King; Let mountains sink, let v
2. Let desert isles lift up their heads, Let desert lands re-joice, Let all the earth in son
3. The glo- ry of the Prince of Peace Shall cover all the earth, And shining wings the ti

CHORUS.

shouts of rapture ring. He comes, the King of Glory comes; Your palms of vict'ry b
nite the heart and voice.
our Redeemer's birth.

He comes,

loud hosannas rend the air Before the conquering King.

rend the air

4 The world before h
Responsive to hi
And nations bendi
Shall crown him

5 Prepare the highw
The highway of
Let mountains sink
And shouts of

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Shout for Gladness.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. "O, clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph." CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Shout for gladness, sons of Zi - on; Lo! the morn - ing light ap - pears, Ris - ing o'er time's drear - y mountains, Breaking thro' the mist of years; Je - sus comes with thronging an - gels, From the shin - ing courts a - bove, And the ban - ner streaming o'er him is the ban - ner
2. Shout for gladness, Christ is com - ing From the reg - ions of the blest; Countless mil - lions rise to meet him From the north, south, east, and west; Lo! the reign of sin is o - ver, Death no more can ter - ror bring; Shout a - loud and sing for gladness, Christ, the King of
3. Glorious day, so long ex - pect - ed! Flood your tide of bliss a - long; Brooks, and vales, and seas, and mountains Join the ev - er - last - ing song! Zi - on from the heav'ns descending, O'er the earth her radiance flings; Saints and angels join the cho - rus; Shout, for Christ is

D. S.—*Lo!* the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry! Christ, the King of

From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Shout for Gladness.—Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

of his love. Shout for gladness, O ye peo - ple! Let your songs of triumph ring!
kings, is King.
King of kings.

kings, is King.

I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. S. B. Dana.

Fine.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

D. C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.

2 There the glory is ever shining;
O, my long*ing heart, my longing* heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.—I'm, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.—I'm,

Wont you love my Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too? I am his and he is mine,
2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too? None can save your soul but he,
3. Heav - y - lad - en, care-oppressed, Wont you love him too? How he longs to give you rest,
4. Cast your burden at his feet, Wont you love him too? There is par - don pure and sweet,

CHORUS.

Wont you love him too? Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre- cious, pre- cious

Je - sus? Wont you love my Je - sus? He is wait - ing now for you.

From "The Welcome Voice," by per.

Victory in the Cross.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Adam Geibel.

1. There's victo-ry in Je-sus! There's virtue in his cross; Oh, bear it, Christian, onward, Nor fear to suffer loss;
2. We'll bravely follow after, O blood-stain'd cross, thy lead, Tho' not in fair, green pastures Our souls may always feed;
3. O blessed cross of Jesus, By thee we conquer sin; Thou dost all strength and courage Into our hearts let in;

No shame have we to car-ry, The Saviour bore it all; Beneath its easy burden We will not shrink or fall.
Beside the turbid waters, Or on the desert drear, Wherever thou shalt lead us, We'll follow without fear.
We'll follow, follow onward, Oh, lead us, blood-stained sign, Until before all people The cross becomes divine.

CHORUS.

There's vic-to-ry in Jesus! O, sing a grateful song! To him whose cross we follow All pow'r and praise belong.

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Why stand ye here idle?

E. R. Latta. D. E. Dortch.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The harvest ungathered all round you may view!
2. Why stand ye here i - dle the whole of the day? The moments are passing with swiftness a- way!
3. Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need The harvest to gath- er, or scatter the seed?

The Mas- ter thy la - bor will ful - ly re- quite! Go, toil in his vineyard from morning till night!
The lab'rers are gleaning the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, hasten to join them, or soon 'twill be vain!
Go work for the Saviour with heart and with hand, No long- er be willing thus i - dle to stand.

CHORUS.

Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with a might! Go work for the Mas- ter from morning till night!

By permission.

Look unto Him and be Saved.

ELLA Y. RUDOLP. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Look un - to Je - sus, O pen - i - tent heart, Look un - to him and be saved; Tar - ry no long- er but come as thou art, Look un - to him and be saved.
2. He for transgres- sion a - tonement has made, Look un - to him and be saved; Thro' his a- tonement thy ransom is paid, Look un - to him and be saved.
3. Come and be- lieve that sal - va- tion is free, Look un - to him and be saved; Come and be- lieve it was purchased for thee, Look un - to him and be saved.
4. Come to the fountain that flows from his side, Look un - to him and be saved; Where but in Jesus, oh, where can'st thou hide? Look un-to him and be saved.

CHORUS.

Look and live, oh, look and live, Peace to thy heart he is longing to give; Look and live, oh, look and live, Look unto him and be saved.

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I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er; I
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair; I
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne a - bove; I
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er; I

CHORUS.

hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore. On the
hope to praise our dear Re - deem - er For the grace that brought me there.
hope to join the ran-somed arm - y Sing-ing now re - deem - ing love.
hope to clasp your hands re - joic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our Fa-ther's home, In the hap - py land: I

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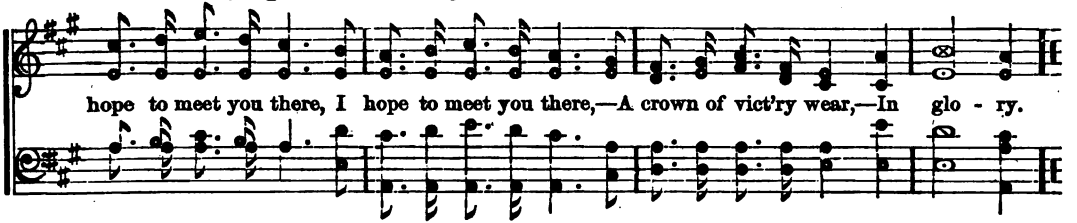
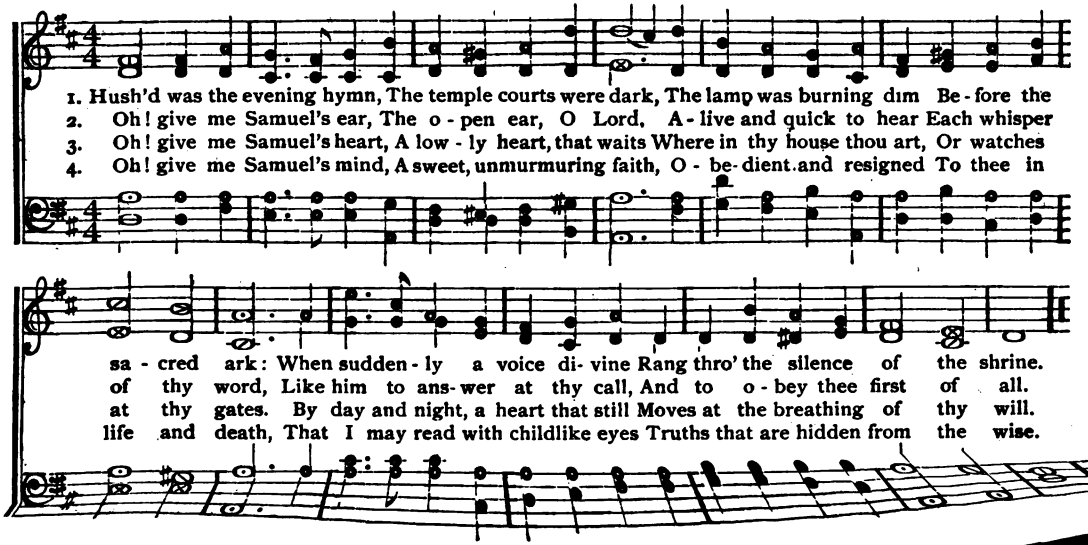
I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.—Concluded.



Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

A. Sullivan.



Come, O Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hear the Spir - it plead - ing, soft and low; Faith- ful - ly his word be - liev - ing
2. Hear the Fath-er call - ing, Child, come home; Hear his gen - tle voice im - plore you;
3. Come to him who loves you, wand'rer, come, While the star of hope is shin - ing;
4. Take his yoke up - on you, wea - ry soul, Learn of him, the meek and low - ly;

Fine.

Give your heart to Je - sus, come just now, Par - don at the cross re - ceiv - ing.
Mer - cy, like an an - gel, hov- 'ring near, Ten - der - ly is weep - ing o'er you.
On his promise lean - ing haste a - way,— Ev - 'ry- thing for him re - sign - ing.
He will give you com - fort, rest and peace; He a - lone is pure and ho - ly.

D.S.—Tho' the world forsake you cling to him; Nev - er will he leave you, nev - er.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Come, O come to - day, Quickly haste a - way; He will be your friend for - ev - er;

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Faithful is the Saying.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Precious, precious sto - ry Of him the Low - ly One, Who said, Thy will, my Fa - ther, Thy
2. Precious, precious sto - ry! Oh, whisper in my ear The bles - sed name of Je - sus, That

CHORUS.

will, not mine, be done. Faith - ful is the say - ing, And faith - ful shall it be, That
name of all most dear.

Je - sus died for sin - ners, And Je - sus died for me.

JOHN J. HOOD.

3 Precious, precious story,
That melts my heart to grief,
That makes me weep in sorrow
O'er years of unbelief.

4 Precious, precious story!
I hear it o'er and o'er,
And yet, though oft repeated,
I love it more and more.

Are there Ten to-day?

"And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."—Luke xvii. 12, 13.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. There were ten who stood, as the Lord passed by, Calling for help with a thrilling cry; They were need - y—sick; but with help at hand, Sure-ly in silence they ne'er would stand. Are there ten to-day? Are there ten to - day, Seeking for Christ with a will to o- bey? Are there

2. There were ten be- lieved in the joy - ful news, Jesus, the Saviour, would ne'er refuse; He was near at hand—they would call to - day; Sure-ly their cry would his footsteps stay.

3. There were ten par- took of the healing power, Asking, receiv'd from his hand that hour; There were ten that day who to Je - sus cried; Sure-ly, to - day there'll be none de - nied.

CHORUS.

From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Are there Ten to-day?—Concluded.

p *Slower.* *p* *pp*

ıe to cry? are we si - lent all? Je - sus is passing, will no one call? will no one call?

Come, come to-day.

ROSBY. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

:he gracious Saviour calling, Come, come to-day; In our hearts the words are falling, Come, come to-day.
his loving arms so tender Come, come to-day; Now to him our all surrender; Come, come to-day.
y' his Spirit he is saying, Come, come to-day; Let us then, our Lord o- beying, Come, come to-day.
we tarry how we grieve him, Come, come to-day; Let our hearts with joy receive him, Come, come to-day.

RUS.

a shepherd he will guide us, In his mercy he will hide us, Come, come to-day, Come, come to-day.

, by John J. Hood.

God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Press on, press on, ye work - ers, Be loyal, brave, and true: Great things the Lord is doing, And great - er things will do; His ar - my, still in - creas - ing With each revolv - ing year, Shall
2. The walls of leagued oppression To dust shall fall a - way; The sword of truth e - ter - nal No power on earth can stay; Though all the hosts of dark - ness Were marshalled on the field, The
3. Behold her marching on - ward, In ma - jes - ty sub - lime, A - long the rolling prair - ies That bound our western clime; And soon from ev - 'ry ham - let On all our vast fron - tier Glad

CHORUS.

send a shout of rapture forth That all the world shall hear. Re - joice, re - joice, ye church of God would stand unmoved, With Christ her strength and shield.
songs shall rise to Je - sus, While skeptics turn to hear. Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,

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God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.—Concluded.

work-ers, all re-joice; O, clap your hands and sing, and sing, O, clap your hands and sing; God's

holy church shall triumph yet, triumph yet, triumph yet, And he shall reign our King, shall reign our King.

Guide. 7s.

M. M. Wells.

Fine. *D. C.*

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er *rejoice,*
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Do Something.

C. W. Ray. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

1. Do something, yes, something with each passing hour, Some work of compassion will be in thy power;
2. Do something for those who in loneliness grieve, Do something the sick and the poor to relieve;
3. Do something for others, nor heedless-ly live, Some heart may be aching for help thou may'st give;
4. Do something for Je-sus in each coming day, Nor reckless-ly squander a moment a-way;

Some child in its sor-row may pine for a friend, Some soul for sal-va-tion on thee may depend.
Thy toil for the low-ly the Master will own, Nor fail at his coming with glo-ry to crown.
Some heart may be breaking with anguish and care: Oh, haste and do something to save from despair.
Thy days are all numbered and soon will be gone, Thy years have an end and e-ter-ni-ty dawn.

CHORUS.

Do some-thing, do some-thing, Do something, yes, something! thy service of love
Do something, do something,

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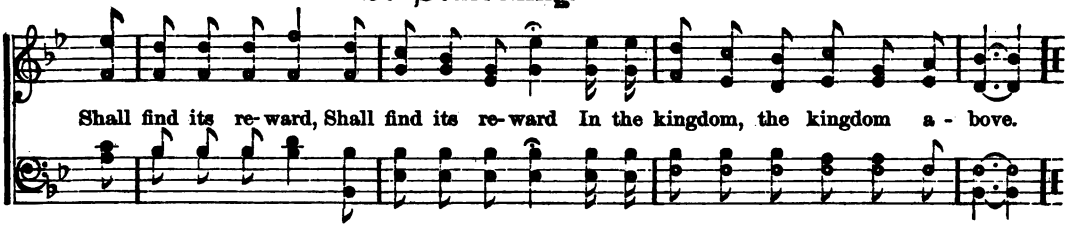
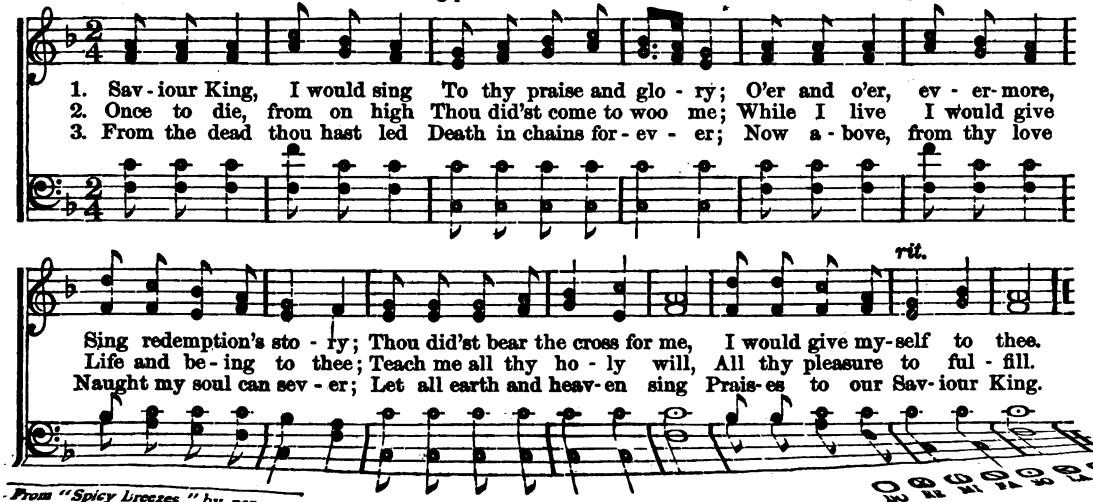
Do Something.—Concluded.



Praises to our Saviour King.

C. W. Ray. "I will sing praises unto the Lord."—Ps. xxvii. 6. Chas. Edw. Prior.



From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

76 Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Blood of Jesus.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sal - va - tion! is the bat - tle - cry, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Sal - va - tion from sin's
2. Sal - va - tion from all fears with - in Thro' the blood of Je - sus, From outward and from
3. Sal - va - tion com - eth with a song, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; The vic - tor's shout is
4. Sal - va - tion faith al - ways ob - tains Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Sal - va - tion from sin's

deep - est dye, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Lift the crimson ban - ner high, All the hosts of
in - ward sin, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Let the high cru - sade be - gin, For our faith has
loud and long, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Ho! the cry of saint - ly throng Like a riv - er
last remains, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Saved! the spir - it now exclaims, Saved, a crown for-

REFRAIN.

sin de - fy, Vic - to - ry is al - ways nigh, Thro' the blood of Je - sus. Thro' the blood,
al - ways been, All the saints of God shall win, Thro' the blood of Je - sus. Thro' the blood,
flows a - long, Life to right and death to wrong, Thro' the blood of Je - sus. Thro' the blood,
ev - er claims, Saved, a king for - ev - er reigns, Thro' the blood of Je - sus. Thro' the blood,

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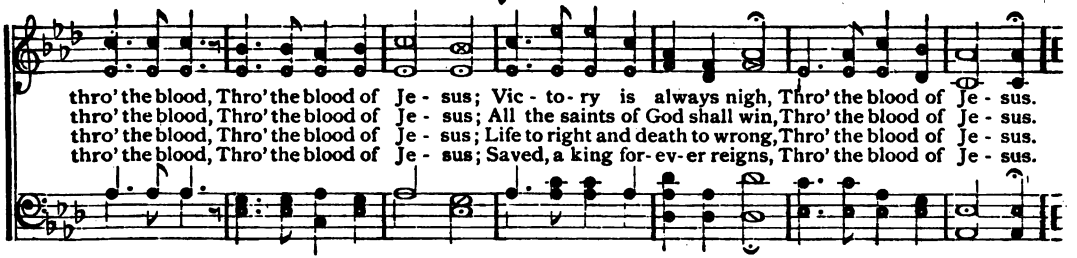
Blood of Jesus.—Concluded



thro' the blood, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Vic - to - ry is always nigh, Thro' the blood of Je - sus.
thro' the blood, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; All the saints of God shall win, Thro' the blood of Je - sus.
thro' the blood, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Life to right and death to wrong, Thro' the blood of Je - sus.
thro' the blood, Thro' the blood of Je - sus; Saved, a king for-ev-er reigns, Thro' the blood of Je - sus.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Buds of Promise.** Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Fine.

1. We are buds of promise fair, Blooming on, blooming on, Guarded by a Saviour's care, Praise his name;
2. Like the birds, their tuneful lay Chiming on, chiming on, We are singing, glad as they, Praise his name;
3. Like the brook that all day long Sparkles on, sparkles on, We will sing our happy song, Praise his name;

Cho.—We are buds of promise fair, Blooming on, blooming on, Guarded by a Saviour's care, Praise his name.

D. C.

He is bending very near, Smiling on, smiling on, Watching o'er his children here, Praise, praise his name.
Like the beams we love to see, Shining on, shining on, Little workers we may be, Praise, praise his name.
To a bright and sunny land Marching on, marching on, Jesus holds each little hand, Praise, praise his name.

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Come to the Fountain.

Rev. J. H. Martin. "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."—Rev. xxii. 17. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Come to the fount-ain, a-bundant and free, Come to the wa-ters, they're flowing for thee,
2. He that shall hear is in-vi-ted to come; Pen-i-tent sin-ners, re-turn to thy home;
3. He that is thirst-y shall welcome ob-tain, Life-giv-ing wa-ter re-fresh-ing shall gain;

Come to the riv-er and stand on its brink, Thirst-y and long-ing, stoop downward and drink.
Back to thy fa-ther thy footsteps re-trace, Par-don implore and receive thro' his grace.
Who-so is will-ing this wa-ter may take,—Now from the foun-tain of life may par-take.

CHORUS.

Come, come to the fount - - ain Flow - - - - ing for thee; Oh,
Come, come to the fount-ain, Come, come to the fountain, Come, come to the fount-ain Flow-ing for thee;

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Come to the Fountain.—Concluded.

Come

drink of its wa - - - ters, Life - giv- ing, plen- ty, and free.

Come, drink of its wa - ters, Come, drink of its wa - ters, and free.

Happy Little Birdie.

From "Songs for All," by per. Chas. Edw Prior.

1. Hap-py lit-tle bird-ie, Singing in the tree, Tell me why you al-ways Are so blithe and free;
2. When the storms of winter Drive you from my door, Who is it that guides you To a warmer shore?
3. "God is my pro-tect-or, He directs my way,—Taught me how to warble All the summer day."

Do you ev-er sor-row? Do you know a care? Singing thus so glad-ly As you mount the air.
Thro' the pathless heavens, Who points out the way? Who is it that keeps you Always glad and gay?
This the bird-ie told me, As it mounted high, Singing loud in gladness, Thro' the a-zure sky.

From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Teach Me, O Lord.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. — Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Teach me, O Lord, this | ver - y day, Out of thy bles - sed word; | Lead me on in thy
2. Let me, O Lord, give | thee my heart, All that I have to give; | Show me, Lord, what a

ho - ly way; | Keep my feet that I | may not stray Ev - er from thee, my Lord.
friend thou art, | Bind me close, so that | naught can part; In thee, oh, let me live.

CHORUS.

Teach me, O Lord, Out of thy word, For keep - ing thy precepts Brings rich re - ward.

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O my Father, Help Thy Child.

SALLIE J. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am leaning, O my Fa - ther, Leaning on thy arm di - vine, But my heart is sometimes
2. Lord, I do not doubt thy mer - cy, Nor thy ev - er-watchful care, But thy strength alone can
3. I am walking, O my Fa - ther, In the light of faith di - vine, But my footsteps sometimes
4. To thyself, oh, draw me clos - er; Let thy voice my spir - it cheer, Let thy love a- bide with-

CHORUS.

fear - ful; Let me hold thy hand in mine. Through this world of con - stant chang - es, By a
aid me Clouds to meet and storms to bear.
fal - ter, Let me hold thy hand in mine.
in me, Cast - ing out my ev - 'ry fear.

thousand snares beguiled, How I need thy lov - ing - kind - ness: O my Father, help thy child.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

We are Coming.

WM. J. KIRKPAT

1. We are coming once again where we oft have met, In the presence of the Lord our K
2. We are coming, like the sheep that was lost and found On the dark and dreary mountains
3. We are coming to the fount where the life-streams flow, Where the Spirit and the Bride say
4. We are coming now by faith, in the morn of youth, We are coming, blessed Lord, to th

Where we gathered at his feet with a bright, bright smile, Where we learned the happy songs w
We have heard the Shepherd's voice, and we long to dwell In the shelter of his own dear
We are waiting at the door at our Father's house, To re-ceive his ten-der welcome h
If the shining ones rejoice o'er a new-born soul, Oh, how wonder-ful its worth must

f REFRAIN. *mp* *f* *mp*

We are coming, We are coming, We are coming We are coming To the precious Friend that loves u

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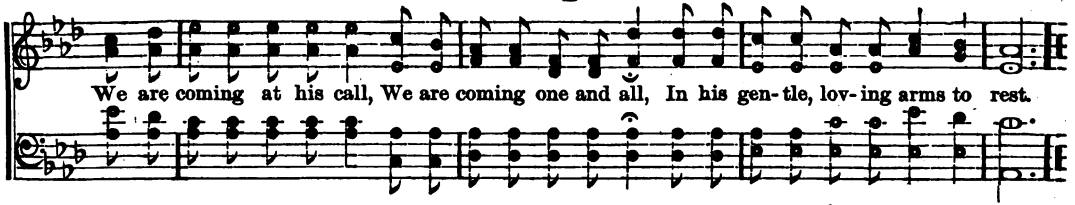
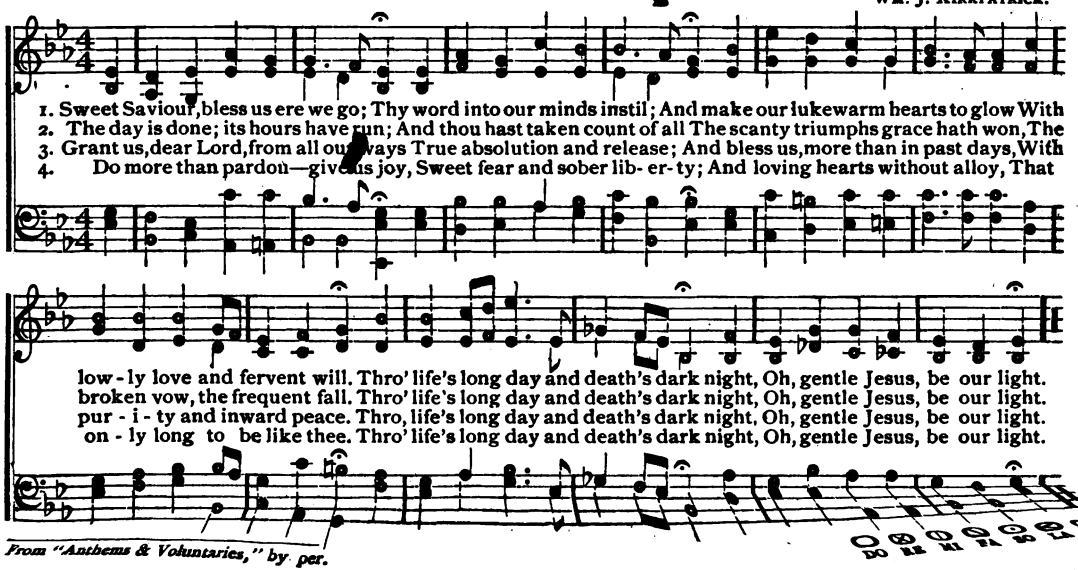
We are Coming?—Concluded.



Bless us ere we go.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.

More of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Once a- gain of Jesus we would hear, From the ev- er- blessed page we love so dear; Tell the
2. Tell us how the angels sang his birth, When a lit- tle, helpless babe he came to earth; Tell us
3. Tell us how he toiled in rip- er years, Of his weary, weary nights of prayer and tears; Tell us
4. Tell us what a ransom once he gave, When he suffered on the cross our souls to save; Tell the

same old sto- ry we have heard, Till we learn it, ev -'ry word. More of Jesus we would know,
how the shepherds knelt to pray By the manger where he lay.
how the poor he kindly taught, How the dead to life he brought.
joy - ful sto - ry o'er and o'er, How he lives forev - er- more.

CHORUS.

More of Je - sus we would know, yes,

More like Jesus we would grow; Tell, oh, tell again the story, How he dwells with man below.
More and more, yes, more and more; Come and tell,

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In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Adam Geibel.

1. In the shadow of the rock Let me rest, O the shade is so refreshing, My heart at once is blest; In the
2. In the shadow of the rock Let me rest, When the heat-waves of temptation Are beating on my breast, When de-
3. In the shadow of the rock Let me rest, When the twilight of the evening Is gathering in the west; When the

Let me rest,

weary walk of life, From the burdens of the day, In the shadow of the rock Let me rest up-on my way.
vi- ces of the foe Would allure my feet astray, In the shadow of the rock Let me rest, and let me pray.
night without a morning On earth is drawing near, In the shadow of the rock Let me rest without a fear.

Fine.

CHORUS.

Let me rest, Let me rest, In the shadow of the rock, Let me rest, In the

Let me rest, Let me rest, Let me rest, When di-

When the

D.S.

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Great is the Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Great is the Lord, the Prince of life and glo - ry,—Great is the Lord, and wonder - ful his name;
2. Great was the love that from his throne of splendor Brought him to earth for sin - ful man to die;
3. Great is the Lord, the hope of our sal - va - tion,—Strong is the tower whereon the faithful stand;
4. Wake, ev - 'ry heart; let ev - 'ry voice a - dore him; Now let the world with hal - le - lu - jahs ring;

Shout, shout a - gain the soul - redeem - ing sto - ry, Mer - cy for all through him pro - claim.
Oh, for a gift a - maz - ing and so ten - der Glo - ry to God, to God on high!
Oh, clap your hands with ho - ly ex - ult - a - tion, Come with a song at his com - mand.
Scep - tres and crowns in dust shall fall be - fore him, Je - sus a - lone shall reign our King.

CHORUS.

Great is the Lord, great is the Lord, Hail him, hail him, sound his name a - far;

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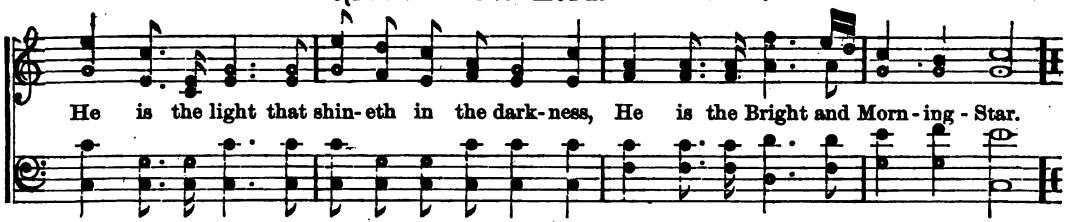
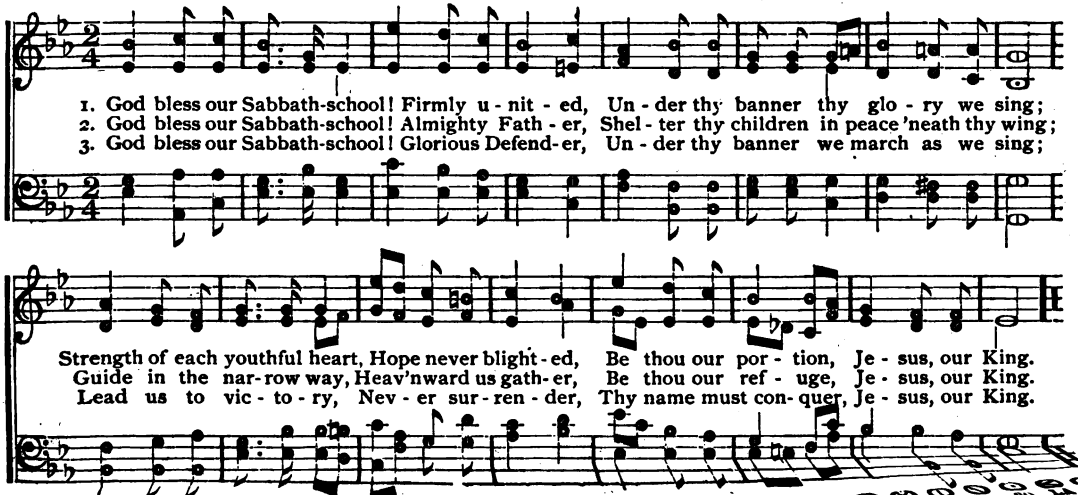
Great is the Lord.—Concluded.



God Bless our Sabbath-school.

Priscilla J. Owens. Russian Hymn.



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In God We Trust.

Miss Jennie Stout. Rev. A. A. An

1. In God we trust, oh, bles - sed thought! What words with more sweet peace are fra
2. In God we trust, nor fear each day To trust his guid-ance all the w
3. In God we trust,—our God of love, Our King who ev - er reigns a - b

With- out this blest as - sur - ance kind Where should we peace and ref - uge f
We feel his hand is strong and sure; He'll lead us with the good and p
'Tis he who rules the earth and sea; We'll trust him through e - ter - ni -

CHORUS.

We will trust in God, we will press our way, We will jour- ney on-ward with-out dis- r

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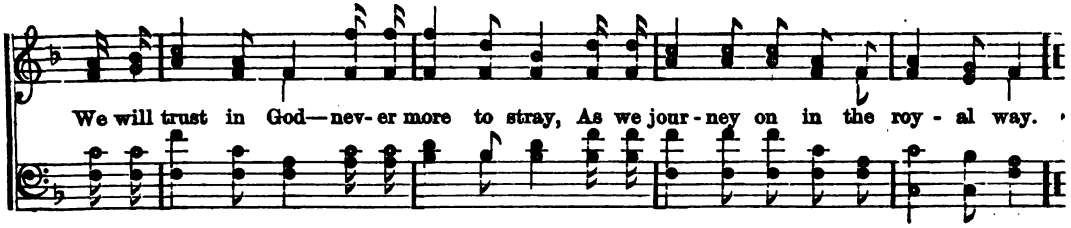
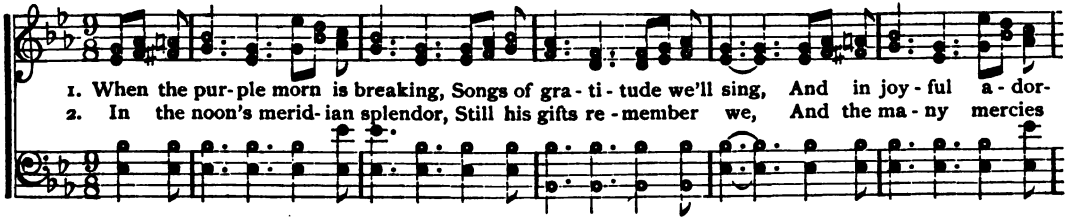
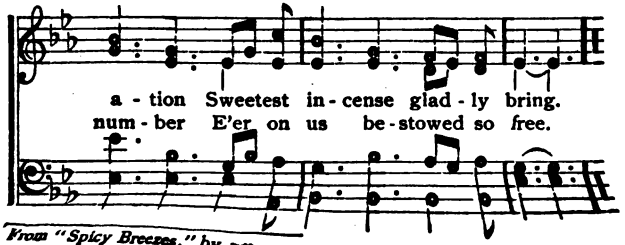
In God We Trust.—Concluded.



Praise to God.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. "Evening, and morning, and at noon."—Ps. lv. 17. Chas. Edw. Prior.





3 When the lily-cups are filling
With the silent dews of eve,
Still the tokens of his goodness
We with grateful hearts receive.

4 In the silent hours of midnight
Waking, we will still rejoice,
For amid the shades of darkness
We may hear his loving voice.

From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Morning, Noon and Evening Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the morning breaks in splendor O'er the valley warm and ten-der, Joyful praise our hearts would
2. When the noontide hour is beam-ing, Happy songs each bird is sing - ing, May our hearts in measure
3. When the evening winds are sigh-ing, And the light is soft - ly dy - ing, Then, to nature's voice re-

render To our Father God on high; Thro' the night, when all were sleeping, We were guarded safe beneath his
ring- ing, Praise our Father God on high; With a gentle hand he leads us, He is still our patient, loving
plying, Praise our Father God on high; He has crowned our life with mercy, He has scattered blessings on our

CHORUS.

care, When the stars their watch were keeping In the calm, blue sky so fair. Oh, the love, precious
Friend, And the hand we now are hold - ing Will protect us to the end.
way, And we hope to see and praise him In the realms of endless day. Oh, the love,

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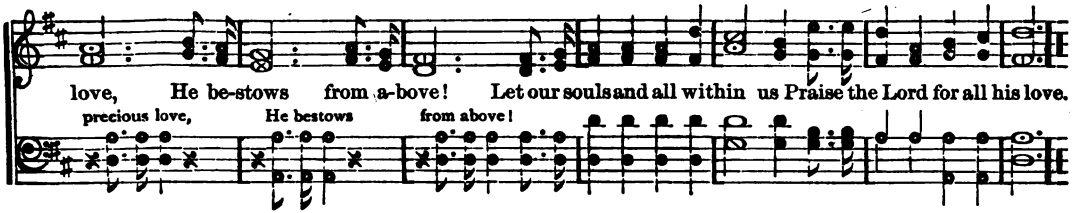
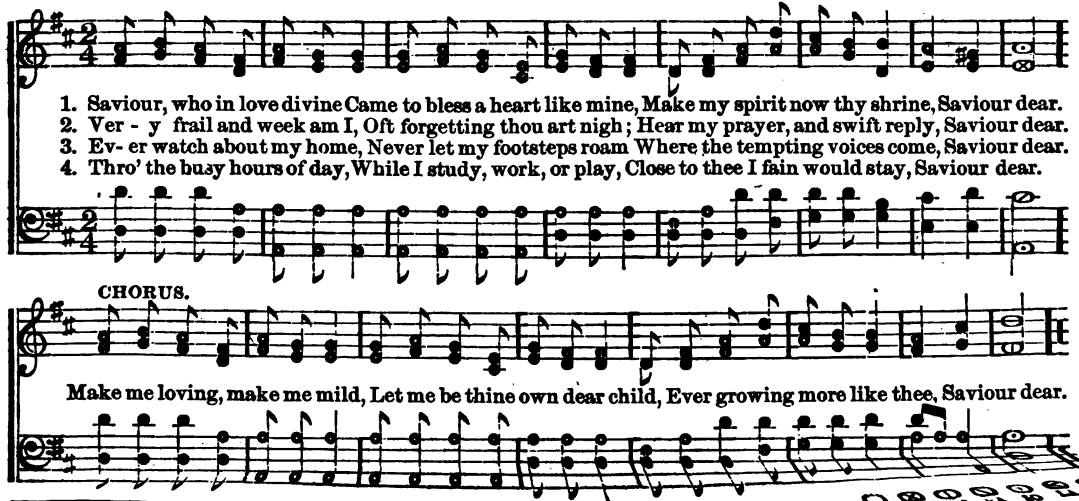


Make Me Loving.

Arranged by W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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The Saviour is Mine.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. S

1. The Sav-iour is mine; yes, all the day long His presence my feast, and my joy, and my song
2. How short are the days! the nights are sweet rest! My cup runneth over, my man-na the best
3. But vapor the world, 'twill vanish a-way; The joy of the Lord for-ev-er will stay

how canst thou wonder with rapture I sing, While I dwell 'neath the shadow of Je - sus'
have not a care, but Je-sus to please,—My troubles and trials,—how light are all
here I am building; no loss can there be, Since Je-sus my Saviour a-bid-eth witl

CHORUS.

I'm washed in the pur-ple flood, Made clean by his pre-cious b
Yes, I am Made white and

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The Saviour is Mine.—Concluded.

And now I rest, yes, rest in Je - sus' love. . . .
And now I rest, oh, how sweet - ly I rest, yes, I rest in his love, in his love, Je - sus' love.

Holy Voices.

John Cawood. Adam Geibel.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voic- es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'-angelic host re - joic - es;

CHORUS.

Heav'nly hal - le - lu-jahs rise. Glo - ry, glo-ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the *highest, glory,*
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heav-
Reaching far as man is found; [en,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

John J. Hood.

Redemption.

Miss Jennie Stout. — A. Armen.

1. 'Twas the beau - ti - ful angels that rolled the great stone From the tomb where the Saviour was laid,
2. Come, my Father, the weight of my guilt roll a - way, Blessed Saviour, I claim thee as mine;
3. Now the blessing is mine, but the glo - ry is thine, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm saved by thy grace;

When he rose from the dead and as-cend - ed on high, And the debt of redemp-tion was paid;
Oh, receive now the off-'ring I lay at thy feet, Wilt thou make me accept - a - bly thine?
'Tis by faith I receive thee, my Sav-iour, my King, 'Tis by faith I be-hold thy sweet face;

Yes, that ransom was of-fered for you and for me, While we wandered in bondage and sin;
Now the Saviour comes in and my heart fills with love, Oh, how sweet is the joy of this hour;
Un - to him shall be praise, who hath paid such a price To redeem worthless sinners like me;

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Redemption.—Concluded.

It was love—wondrous love! that has made such a gift, And has purchased redemption thro' him.
Now I feel that sweet spirit which comes from a-bove, And redeems me from sin and its power.
Glo-ry, glo-ry to Je-sus a-gain and a-gain, For his love and redemp-tion so free.

CHORUS.

Redemption's song . . . is sweet to me, . . . Redemption full, . . . redemption free; . . .

Redemption's song is sweet to me, Redemption full, redemption free;

'Tis thus I sing . . . it o'er and o'er, . . . Redemption now . . . and ev-er-more. . .

'Tis thus I sing it o'er and o'er, Redemption now and ev-ermore, ev-ermore.

Rest Ever with God.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go on, go on, ye souls made free Thro' Jesus your Saviour and Lord, Receive as yours, and
2. Pray on, pray on, ye souls who feel How precious the Saviour to you; Be sure of this from
3. Sing on, ye hearts that ear - ly rise And haste to the vineyard a - way, Who long have borne with

firm - ly trust, Each promise you find in his Word; Go on! pur-sue the grand old path That
hour to hour, His presence your strength will re-new; Pray on, pray on! if faith is bright Your
zeal and love, The bur-den and heat of the day; Sing on, and when by oth - er steps The

oth-ers be-fore you have trod, And now have gone where you may go, To rest ev - er with God.
pathway can nev-er be dim, And soon the Lord will call you home, To rest ev - er with him.
field of your la-bor is trod, Your own shall climb the hills of joy, To rest ev - er with God.

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Rest Ever with God.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, the robes . . . . . that we shall wear, ... Oh, the palms . . . .

Oh, the robes that we shall wear, Oh, the palms that we shall bear,

. . . . . that we shall bear, ... When, our pil - grim jour - ney o'er, We have reach'd the

ver- dant shore, With the ho - ly Church Triumph - ant, there To rest ev - er with God.

We are coming.

Mrs. H. E. Brown. W. A. Ogden.

Spirited.

1. We are coming, we are coming, Blessed Je-sus, at thy call; In the dew-y time of morning, Ere the
2. We are singing, we are singing, Songs of gladness as we pass; For thy love, in us distill-ing Like the
3. We are coming, we are coming, Speeding onward to thy throne, Where in majesty thou'rt waiting,— Waiting

dark'ning shadows fall; We are com-ing, bles-sed Saviour, With our willing hearts and true, Out of
show'rs up-on the grass; For the home in heav'n prepar-ing To receive our wea-ry feet; For thy
to receive thine own; Out of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, We are gath'ring at thy call, For thy

CHORUS.

ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, Out of ev-'ry clime and hue. We are com - - - ing, we are
smiles, our pathway cheering, Songs of praises we re-peat. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Bles-sed
glorious cor - o - na-tion, Je-sus, Saviour, Lord of All.

By permission.

We are coming.—Concluded.

com - - - ing, Bles-sed Je - - - - - - sus, at thy call; In the
Je - sus at thy call; We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Bles - sed Je - sus, at thy call; In the

dew - - - y time of morn - - ing, Ere the dark - - 'ning shadows fall.
dew - y time of morning, In the dew - y time of morning, We are coming, we are coming, Ere the dark'ning shadows fall.

Stubbs. S. M.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. And can I yet de - lay My little all to give? To tear my soul from earth away For Jesus to receive?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more: I sink, by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.
3. Tho' late, I all forsake; My friends, my all, resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take, And seal me ever thine.
4. Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence again remove; Settle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

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Forward let us go.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. With Je- sus ev - er near Our pilgrim life to cheer It matters not tho' changes we may see;
2. The souls that oft are tried, But still in him a- bide, Our blessed Lord will keep in perfect peace;
3. On him for aid we call Whose grace is free to all, Who guides us with a kind and watchful eye;
4. And when, our journey o'er, We reach the vernal shore, And see him in his glory, face to face,

If faith in him be strong, And he our dai- ly song, How peaceful will the fleeting moments be.
The comfort he bestows In plenteous measure flows, And never till our journey's end shall cease.
On him we cast our care Who hears and answers pray'r, And ev'ry needful blessing will supply.
With all the host above We'll shout redeeming love, And praise him for the riches of his grace.

CHORUS.

Then forward let us go, Be- lieving he will show And make to us the path of du- ty plain; Since

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Forward let us go.—Concluded.

he has gone before us, And still is watching o'er us; Then, trusting him, we shall not trust in vain.

Come and work for Jesus.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Would'st thou have joy to yield Some rich re- ward? Then, in life's harvest field, Work for thy Lord.
2. Hold up the lamp of faith O'er sin's dark night, Souls in the shade of death Wait for that light.
3. Scat- ter the seeds of hope O'er des - ert soil, Val- ley and mountain slope Shall bless thy toil.
4. Car - ry love's healing balm Where sad tears roll, Leading to heaven's calm Some striving soul.
5. Oh, there is work for all, True work and blest, Un - til the Saviour call, "Come home to rest."

CHORUS.

Come and work for Je - sus In life's harvest field, Come and work for Je- sus, Rich reward t'will yield.

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Tell me oft the Story.

Miss Jennie Stout. Rev. A. A. Armen.

1. There's something more to live for Than self-ish, worldly praise, There's something more to strive for
2. That sto- ry of the Sav- iour, Who died that we might live, Has promised all who love him,
3. He'll give us his sweet spir-it Of love and joy and peace, And, though we oft for- get him,

Than earthly - honored ways; There's something more to cherish Than pounds of glitt'ring gold,
E - ter- nal life to give; He'll make us ev - er hap - py, He'll guide us all the way,
His care will nev- er cease; He sees us when we fal - ter, And pit - y for us feels;

CHORUS.

It is the one sweet sto - ry, That nev - er will grow old. Then tell me oft the sto - ry,
And by his cheerful pres- ence Make life con- tin- ual day.
And, if in faith we ask him, His per-fect love re - veals.

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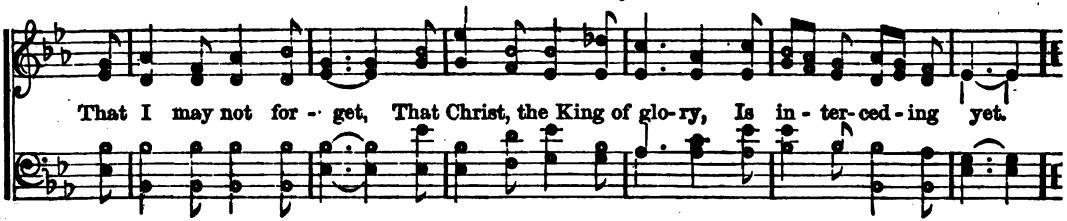
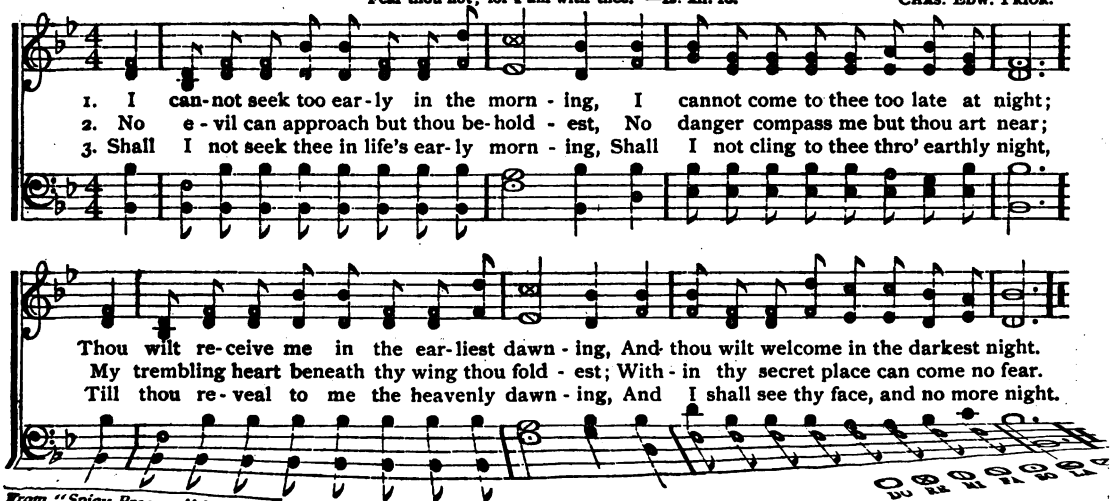
Tell me oft the Story.—Concluded.



I cannot Seek too Early.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee."—Is. xli. 10. Chas. Edw. Prior.



From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

The Children's Prayer.

Mrs. James Holly. Jno. R. Swenfy.

1. Help us, Lord, with ev- 'ry day Something good to do or say; Help us, Lord, to love thee,
2. Thou whose eye is ev - 'rywhere, Hear and grant the children's prayer; Guard and keep us safely,
3. While our la - bor we pur- sue, More and more our strength renew; On- ly thou can'st teach us

Thou hast said we may; Like the pearl- y dew of night, Like the beams of morning bright,
In thy watchful care; Teach our hands to work for thee, Cheerful toil - ers we would be;
What we ought to do: When our day of life is o'er, When our hands can work no more,

D.S.—Help us, Lord, with ev - 'ry day Something good to do or say;

Fine. CHORUS.

So our deeds of kindness, Shed a welcome light. Help us, dear Saviour, to walk by thy side;
Read - y still to answer: Here am I, take me.
May we sing, ho- san- na! On the heavenly shore.

Help us, Lord, to love thee, Thou hast said we may.

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The Children's Prayer.—Concluded.

D.S.

Give us thy Spirit our footsteps to guide; Then shall we ever be joyful, Sweetly the moments will glide.

Grateful Homage.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. Grateful homage, Lord, we bring Thee, our Saviour and our King; All be- low their voices raise,
2. Star- ry heights thy glory tell, Earth and deep thy praises swell, All cre - a- tion yields to thee
3. Ho! ye pilgrims on life's road, Spread the triumphs of your God; He is worthy to re - ceive

Heav'n resounds thy peerless praise; Halle- lu - jah, we will sing, Glo- ry to our God and King.
Honor, might, and majes- ty; Hal - le - lu - jah, we will sing, Glo- ry to our God and King.
Higher praise than we can give; Endless hal - le - lu - jahs sing? Glo- ry to our God and King.

From "Peerless Praise," by per.

Are You Drifting?

Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Are you drifting down life's cur - rent, Drift- ing on a dang'rous tide? Near the rapids' fear- ful
2. Down the stream of worldly plea- sure Drift- ing, drifting ev - ermore, T'ward the great unfathomed
3. Heed, oh, heed the kind mon-i - tion! Give your aimless wand'rings o'er; Cease to seek in earth your

per - il All un- conscious do ye glide? Down the stream of sin and fol - ly,—
o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter - nal shore? Drift - ing, drifting,—go - ing,—whith - er?
plea - sure, Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore, Take on board the skill- ful pi lot,

Heeding not the danger near, Drift- ing on in self-com- pla - cence, Feel - ing no remorse or fear?
Aimless, purposeless;—how vain! To the dark and dread forev - er! What, oh, what have ye to gain?
Use the oars of faith and prayer; Then you'll make the port of glo- ry, God will guide you safely there.

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Are You Drifting?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hark the voice . . . of yonder pi - lot: Cease your drifting, seize the oar;

Hark the voice, the warn - ing voice of yon - der pi - lot: seize the oar;

Make the blest, ... ce - lestial har - bor, Steer your bark for Canaan's shore.

Make the blest, ce - les - tial har - bor, make the har - bor,

To-day the Saviour Calls.

Samuel Francis Smith. Lowell Mason.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benight - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; With - in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

Go, Work To-day.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Adam Geibel.

1. Forth in the dawn-light cool, and sweet, and tender, While yet the dew-drops tremble on the flowers,
2. Forth while the sun rides high-er still in heav- en, Forth while the noon-tide's fervid radiance glows,
3. Lord, we have heard thee in our youth's glad morning; Lord, we still hear thee in our noonday prime,—

Seek- ing for lab'rers, one doth meekly wander, Call - ing, still call-ing through the quiet hours;—
Forth while the shadows lengthen t'ward the even, Call - ing for lab'rers, still the Master goes;—
Hear thee, and glad-ly, ease and pleasure scorning, Gird us for service low - ly yet sub - lime;—

"Go, work to - day, the flush of ear-ly morning Brightens the east, and day is coming on;
"Go, work to - day!—oh, wherefore yet, delaying, Stand ye still i - dle as the hours glide on?
Take us, our- selves to thee we now surren-der, Take us, and use us till the day is done,

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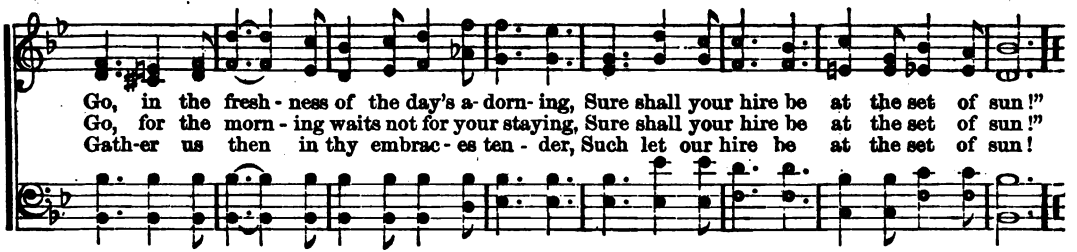
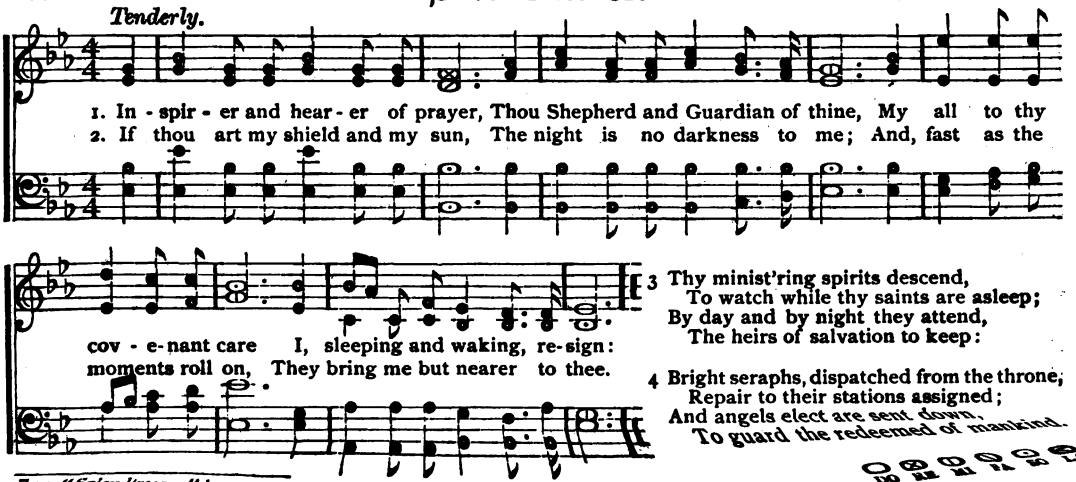
Go, Work To-day.—Concluded.



A. M. Toplady. **Showalter. 8s.** Chas. Edw. Prior.

Tenderly.



3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:

4 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

110

Yes, I will go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a voice in my heart, and I hear it to-day; But why do I lin-ger? what
2. There's a voice in my heart, and it whis-pers to me That, if I will trust him, my
3. There's a voice in my heart, and how gen-tle its tone,—He waits to re-ceive me and
4. Oh, that voice in my heart I will hear and o-bey, I will not re-ject him, I

keeps me a-way? 'Tis Je-sus my Sav-iour, I must not de-lay, Gent-ly he calls, I will
friend he will be; The print of the nails in his hands I can see; Gent-ly he calls, I will
make me his own; My soul must be saved thro' his mer-its a-lone; Gent-ly he calls, I will
will not de-lay; To him, my Redeem-er, I hast-en to-day,—Gent-ly he calls, I will

CHORUS.

go to him now. Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, Loving-ly, joy-ful-ly go to him now;

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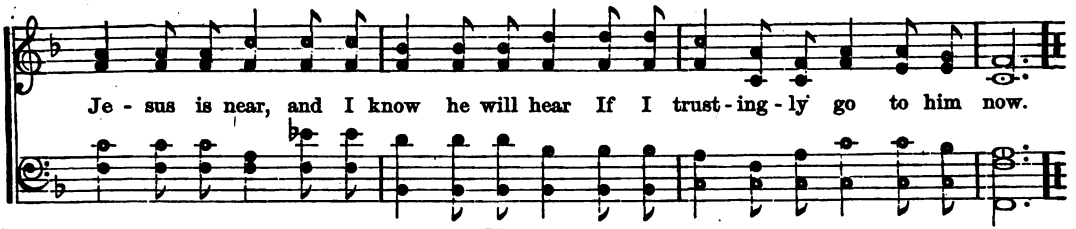
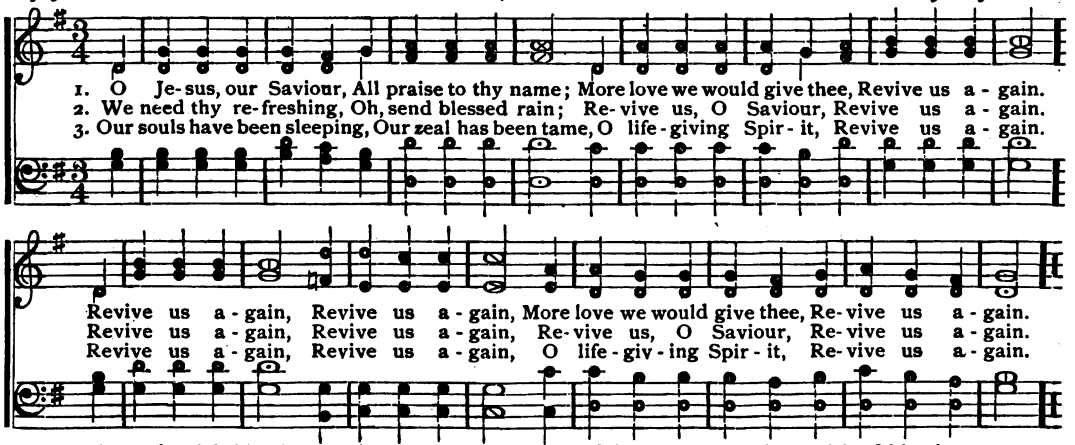
Yes, I will go.—Concluded.



Revival.

J. J. H. — John J. Hood.



4 Without thy rich blessing
Our efforts are vain,
‖: Oh, *come then to cheer us,*
Revive us again. :‖

5 To souls that are dying
Thy riches proclaim,
‖: Send speedy conviction,
Revive us again. :‖

6 O Spirit of blessing,
Descend and remain,
‖: In mercy revive us,
Revive us again. :‖

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

It's All in Jesus.

"Kenawmen."

Jno. R. Sw

1. The Door to heav'n is open wide That all may enter in; Come, see my Saviour's hands and sid
2. The Way to heav'n is straight indeed, But all may walk therein; My Saviour is a friend in need

CHORUS.

wash you clean from sin. There's a Door . . . at the entrance to glo - ry for me,
There's a Door, there's a Door at the entrance to glo - ry for me,
wash you clean from sin. There's a Way . . . to the mansions in glo - ry for me,
There's a Way, there's a Way to the mansions in glo - ry for me,

en - - - trance to glo - ry for me, . . . That Door . . . is my Je - su
entrance, the entrance to glo - ry for me, for me, That Door, that Door is my Je - s
man - - - sions in glo - ry for me, . . . That Way . . . is my Je - su
mansions, the mansions in glo - ry for me, for me, That Way, that Way is my Je - s

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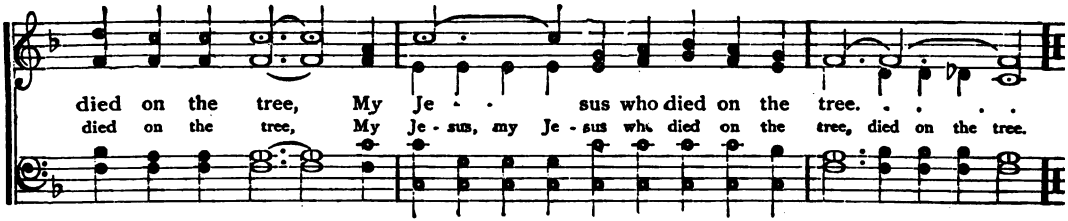
It's All in Jesus.—Concluded.



3 The Light illumes the narrow road
For all who walk therein,
And Jesus bears the sinner's load;—
He'll wash you clean from sin.

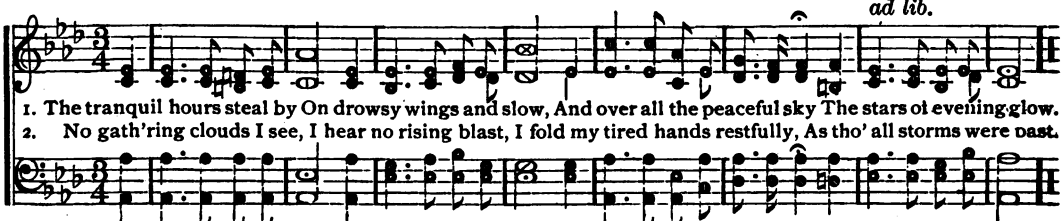
Cho.—There's a Light on the pathway to glory for me,
On the pathway to glory for me,
That Light is my Jesus who died on the tree,
My Jesus who died on the tree.

4 The Life in Christ begun below
Gives joy and peace within;
Our Jesus saves from every woe,
He'll wash you clean from sin.

Cho.—There is Life, life eternal in glory for me,
Life eternal in glory for me,
That Life is in Jesus who died on the tree,
In Jesus who died on the tree.

The Tranquil Hours.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Swenney.



3 Yet whether so or not,
O Lord, thou knowest best,
This night let every anxious thought
And trembling *fear have rest.*

4 This night I will lie down
In peace beneath thine eye;
Nor heed what ills unseen may frown
Since thou art ever nigh.

5 I will lie down to sleep,
From every terror free;
Nor wake to tremble or to weep
Secure, O Lord, in thee!

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Nature's Lullaby.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GIEBEL.

1. Evening shades around us gather, Fades the light in yonder sky, Soft and low the voice of nature Sings a-
2. See the lil - y on her bosom Gently close its languid eye, Now the birds their wings are folding While she
3. Father, hear thy weary children, To thy bos- om may we fly, Ah, thy ten- der love can soothe us With a
4. Underneath thy wings protect us, Guard, oh, guard us from the sky; Thou hast taught the voice of nature How to

CHORUS. *p*

gain her lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
sings her lul - la - by. Lul- la - by, ... lul - la - by, ... Soft and low the voice of
sweet- er lul - la - by.
sing her lul - la - by. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

p *pp*

na-ture Sings a-gain her lul- la - by, Soft and low the voice of nature Sings again her lul- la - by.

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Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the gladness all around,
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Tell to sin-ners, far and wide,
3. Sing a-bove the battle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By his death and endless life,

Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Bear the news to ev'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves, Onward
Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, E-cho back, ye ocean caves, Earth shal
Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Sing it softly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves, Sing in

'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
keep her ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves,
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

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God is in Heaven.

Mrs. G. Partridge.

Jno. R. Sweney.

First Voice.

Second Voice.

1. God is in heaven, and can he hear A fee - ble prayer like mine? Yes,
2. God is in heaven, and can he see When I am do - ing wrong? Yes,
3. God is in heaven, and would he know If I should tell a lie? Yes,
4. God is in heaven, and can I go To thank him for his care? Not

lit - tle child, thou need'st not fear, He list'n-eth now to thine.
lit - tle child, he looks at thee All day and all night long.
if thou said'st it e'er so low, He'd hear it in the sky.
yet; but love him here be - low, And thou shalt praise him there.

CHORUS.

Come, come, ye chil - dren, heark - en un - to me, And I will teach you the

Come, oh, come, And I, yes, I will

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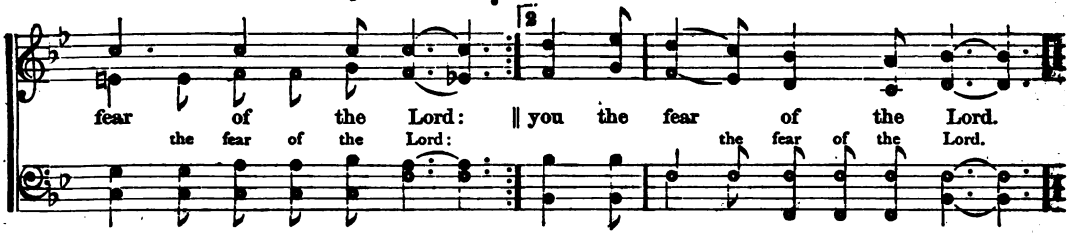
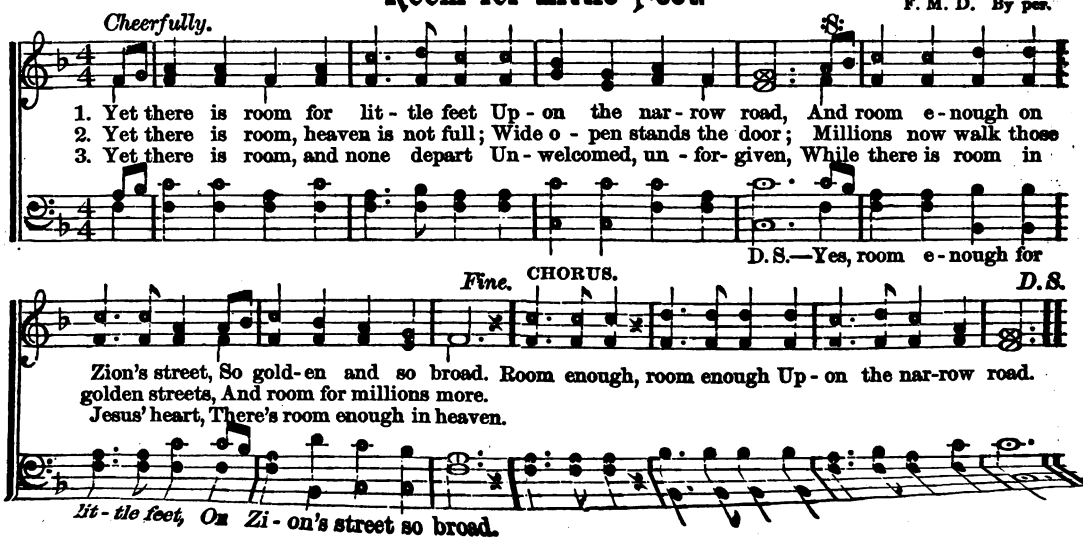
God is in Heaven.—Concluded.



Room for Little Feet.

F. M. D. By per.



MARY B. SLEIGHT.

Onward!

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With Spirit.

1. We are marching to the music of the children's happy song; We are rallying to the forces of an
2. We are casting up the highways for the coming of the Lord; We are girded for the conflict with the
3. Against Satan and his legions shall our shining shafts be hurl'd, And o'er mountain, sea, and prairie wide, our
4. Let us ne'er put off our armor till we hear the angels' psalm, Till our glad lips join the chorus of the

army true and strong; We are going forth to battle 'gainst the serried ranks of wrong, With Jesus for our
Spirit, shield, and sword, And we go to meet the foemen, trusting only in his word, For Christ a-lone is
banner be unfurled; For the task we set before us is the conquest of the world, With Jesus for our
new song of the Lamb, And we stand within his presence, waving high the victor's palm, Where Christ alone is

CHORUS.

King. Glo - ry' glo - ry! swell the joy- ful cho - rus! Glo - ry! glo - ry! shout the loud acclaim!

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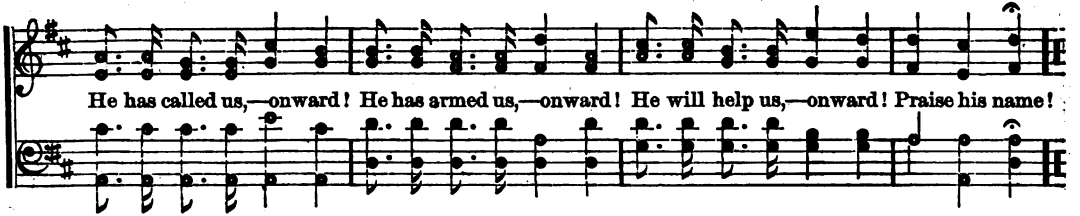
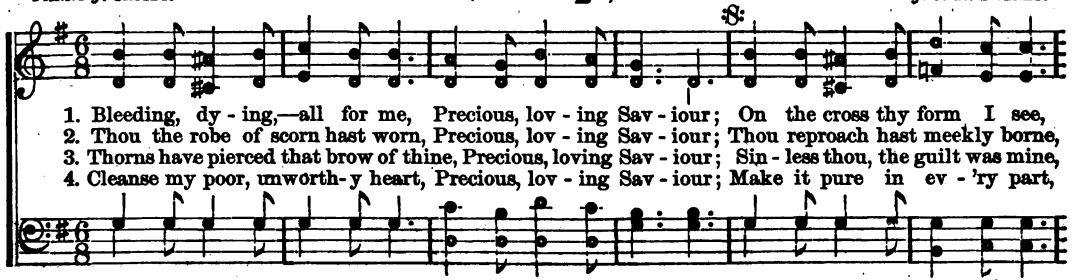
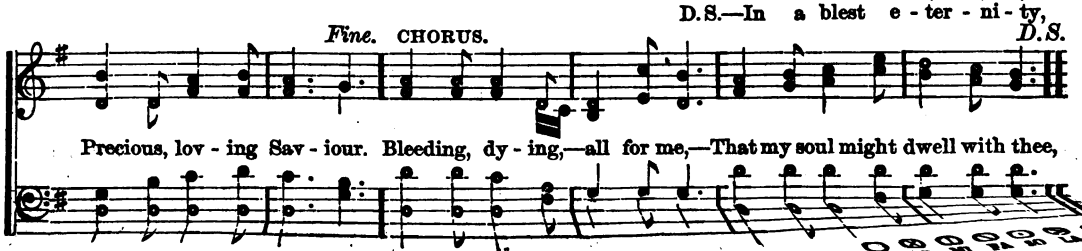
Onward!—Concluded.



Precious, Loving Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.





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Songs in the calm, still Night.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis the Lord who lead - eth me still, 'Tis he who con - trols and gov - erns my will,
2. 'Tis the Lord who whis - pers to me, I of - fered my - self a ran - som for thee;
3. Safe in him, I will not re - pine, Though trials and cares may sometimes be mine;
4. Safe in him, my hope and my all, Who ten - der - ly hears when - ev - er I call;

Fine.

Crowns my life with ho - ly de - light, And giv - eth me songs in the calm, still night.
Say, what mean thy doubtings and fears; I car - ry thy sor - rows and count thy tears?
He, I know, will guide me a - right, Who giv - eth me songs in the calm, still night.
Safe in him, my burden is light, He giv - eth me songs in the calm, still night.

D. S.—walk in his light, Who giv - eth me songs in the calm, still night.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O my soul, how favored thou art, Thus to come so near to his heart; There by faith I

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It must be Settled to-night.

Rev. C. B. Kendall. John J. Hood.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;" The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no long - er bear; Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.
3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,— Till my Redeem - er speaks to me As - sur - ance of his love.
4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God; My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

It must be set - tled to - night, I can no long - er wait; Peace with my God I now must have, To-morrow may be too late.

to-night,

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Jacob's Well.

A. S. Kieffer. D. E. Dortch.

1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a woman came there, She, a poor, need- y sin- ner like me;
2. Who - so drinketh this wa - ter shall thirst never- more, For a fountain it ev - er shall be,
3. Ja- cob's well is still full, and the Saviour still waits, And he calls, thirsty sin- ner, for thee;

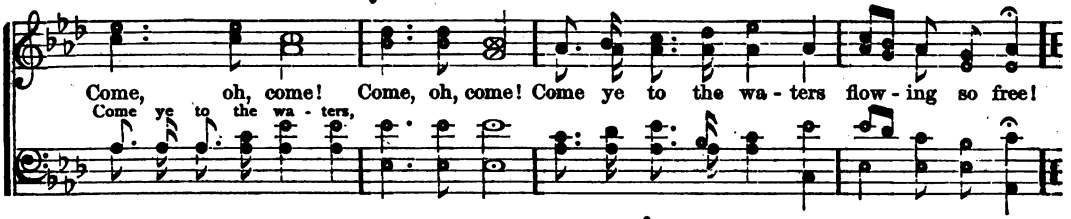
And he gave her to drink of the wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flowing free.
Springing up in thy soul un - to life ev - ermore; And this wa - ter is flow - ing for thee.
Will you drink of the fountain of Ja - cob and live, While this wa - ter is still flowing free?

CHORUS.

Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters, Come ye to the wa- ters flowing so free!

permission.

Jacob's Well.—Concluded.

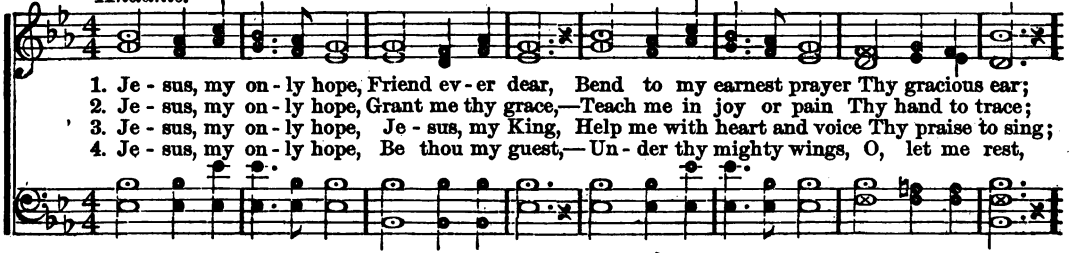


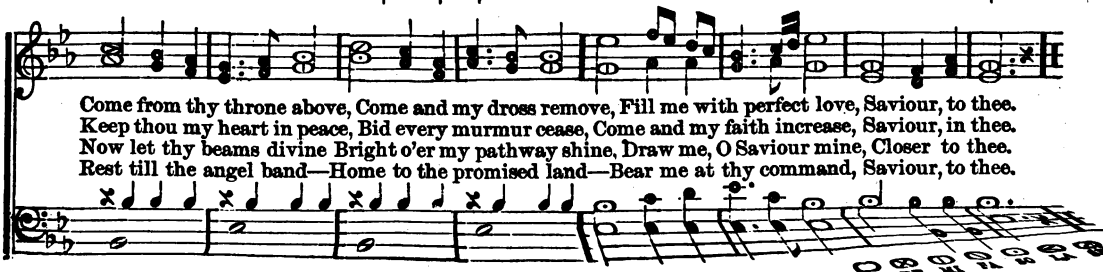
F. J. C.

Jesus, my Only Hope.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.





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Before the Throne.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Once more we lift our joy- ful eyes, Once more our hearts we raise To him whose kind pro-
2. With- in the Rock, the Rift- ed Rock, Re- fresh - ing dew we share, While Je - sus comes our
3. Our faith mounts up on eagle wings, From earth - ly toil we rise; A - bove the brightest
4. If such our blest com- munion here, What will our rap- ture be When hearts are joined and

CHORUS.

tect - ing hand With mer - cy crowns our days. Oh, sa - cred flame of Christian love, That
souls to bless, And Je - sus answers prayer.
hills we soar, And cleave the radiant skies.
hands are clasped Be - yond the narrow sea?

melts our hearts in one, While here be- fore the throne we feel Our heaven on earth be - gun!

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JENNIE O. ARNETT. **Say, do we Know.** ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Say, do we know what a Friend is nigh? One that will hear when to him we cry? He our Redeemer is
2. Say, have you heard of a glorious day, Pure was the dawn of its early ray, When in a manger a
3. Look unto him in the young morn's light, Look unto him in the spring-time bright, Now in his praise let us

Cho.—Say, do we know what a Friend is nigh? One that will hear when to him we cry? He our Redeemer is

Fine. Key Eb.

pass ing by, Now to his arms let us go; Oh, what a Friend he will ev-er be!—None in the
babe he lay,—He our Redeemer and King? Once from the cross to the crown he rose, Conquer'd the
all u-nite, Sing with the heart and the voice; Oh, let the wings of the Sabbath air Now to his

pass-ing by, Now to his arms let us go.

D.C.

world is so kind as he; Hark, he is call-ing to you and me, Yes, he is ten-der-ly call-ing.
world and subdued his foes, Now with the joy that his love bestows Hark how the wide world is ringing.
throne our de-vo-tion bear, Glo-ry to him for the love we share; Sing, while the wide world rejoices.

Key Ab.

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Mercy at the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is mercy at the cross, where my loving Saviour died, There is mercy at the cross: hallelu - jah!
2. There is pardon at the cross, where our sins the Saviour bore, There is pardon thro' his name: hallelujah!
3. There's a blessing at the cross, and a balm for ev'ry ill, 'Tis a blessing from the Lord: halle - lu - jah!
4. There's a refuge at the cross, heavy-laden, come and see; Hark, the Saviour bids you come: hallelujah!

Fine.

In the living stream that flows from his precious, bleeding side, He has wash'd me white as snow: hallelujah!
When by simple, trusting faith his forgiveness we implore, He will whisper, go in peace: halle - lu - jah!
There's a welcome at the door, and the whosoev - er will May be saved this very hour: halle - lu - jah!
There's a refuge at the cross, where the weary heart may flee, And be safe from ev'ry storm: hallelujah!

D. S.—In the precious healing flood of my Saviour's cleansing blood, He has wash'd me white as snow: hallelujah!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I am happy, I am bless'd, for my soul has found a rest; How my tongue with joy can sing, hallelujah!

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One Look at the Crucified Jesus.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. One look at the cru - ci - fied Je - sus Brings peace to the sin-stricken breast, One look at t
2. There's pardon and cleansing in Je - sus For souls all pol - lut - ed by sin, A stream from
3. Oh, look to the Saviour of sin - ners! One look at his glo - ri - ous face Will fill the s
4. Oh, look, burdened souls, look at Je - sus! He bids you to look now and live; And looking

CHORUS.

all - lov - ing Sav - iour Brings comfort, salva - tion, and rest. Oh, look! look at the Cru - ci - fied
side there is flow - ing To cleanse the defilement with - in.
spir - it with gladness, And make it ex - ult in his grace.
him, your Redeem - er, Sal - vation and life you'll receive.

Life for a look he will give: Look, look at the Cru - ci - fied; Oh, look! believe, and live.

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Meek and Lowly.

GLOVER.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief among the blessed three; Turning sad-ness in - to
2. Hop-ing ev - er, fail-ing nev - er, Though deceived, believing still; Long a-bid-ing, all-con-

Fine.

gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char - i - ty. Pi - ty dwelleth in thy bos - om, Kindness
fid - ing To thy heav'n-ly Father's will; Nev - er wea - ry of well - do - ing, Nev - er

Use 1st four lines as Chorus.

D. C.

reigneth o'er thy heart; Gen-tle thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.
fear-ful of the end; Claiming all man-kind as broth-ers, Thou dost all a-like be - friend.

So Near.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. J

1. So near the gate of mer - cy,—The blessed gate of prayer! A sin - gle ste
2. So near the gate of mer - cy! Then why not en - ter in? Renounce these e
3. What keeps thy heart from Je- sus, Thy patient, suffering Lord? Who asks thee no
4. Al - most thou art per - suad - ed, Then yield without de - lay, The Ho - ly Dov

CHORUS.

rect - ed By faith, would bring you there. Al - most thou art per - suad - ed
cling-ings, And break the oath of sin.
trust him And take him at his word.
lin - gers, Oh, grieve him not a - way.

child of God to be; What keeps thy heart from Je - sus, Who shed his blood for the

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My Beautiful Home.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Adam Geibel.

1. My beautiful home on high! By faith I oft- en see Its pearly gates un-fold, Its mansions welcome me;
2. My beautiful home on high! It knows no shades of night, No darkness ever comes To overwhelm its light;
3. My beautiful home on high! I soon shall soar a- way, And bask amid the light Of thy ce- les-tial day;

Its loft - y halls with notes Of heav'nly music ring, Its jas-per walls resound The songs the angels sing;
The Saviour's loving hand Wipes ev'ry weeping eye, The Saviour's loving voice Bids pain and sickness fly;
Up-on the heav'nly hills For-ev- ermore to rove, And drink sweet rapture in, With wonder and with love;

CHORUS.

Its jas- per walls re - sound The songs the an-gels sing. Beauti- ful, beauti-ful home, . .
The Saviour's lov- ing voice Bids pain and sickness fly.
And drink sweet rapture in, With won-der and with love. Beauti- ful home,

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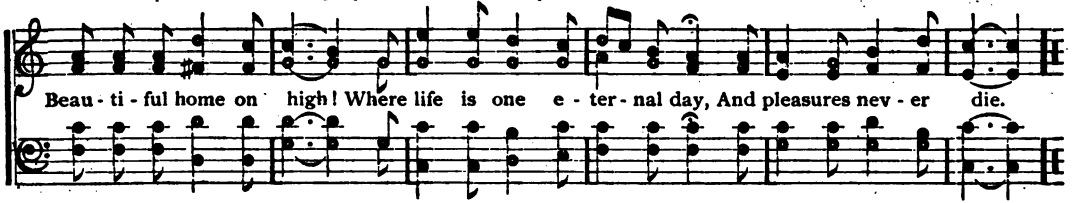
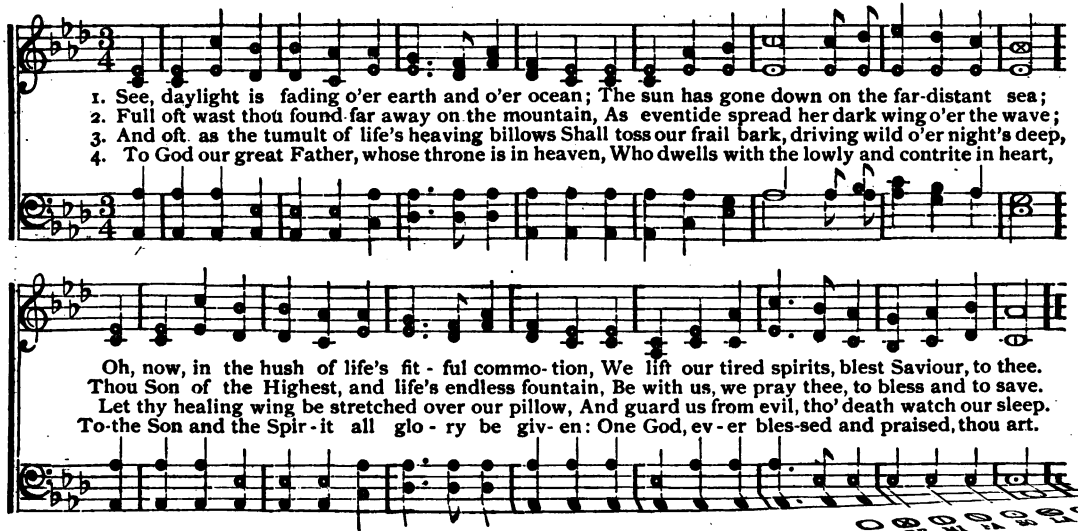
My Beautiful Home.—Concluded.



Evening Song.

Chas. Edw. Prior.



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Perfect Peace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou wilt keep them, Lord, in perfect peace Whose minds are stay'd on thee, And the glorious light that
2. Thou wilt keep them, Lord, in perfect peace Who love and do thy will, Who have borne the cross with
3. Thou wilt keep them, Lord, in perfect peace Who strive in grace to grow; They shall look above this
4. Thou wilt keep them, Lord, in perfect peace Whose souls are one in thee, And the home of love where

CHORUS.

veils thy throne Their eyes of faith shall see. In per - fect peace they shall journey on Till they
pa - tient hope, And bear it meek- ly still.
changing world Where life's pure waters flow.
thou art gone Their dwelling place shall be.

reach the gold - en shore; There is fulness of joy in thy presence, Lord, And pleasures forev- er- more.

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Glorious Victory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We'll never lay down our ar-mor Till finished the march of life; We'll never give up the conflict
2. While yet there's a foe to conquer We'll never resign the field, Till vic-to-ry's fadeless lau-rels
3. A vic-to-ry ev-'ry moment The earnest in heart may win; A vic-to-ry o'er our tri-als,
4. Then strive till we all are vic-tors, And, gather'd beyond the sky, We ech-o the shout of millions

CHORUS.

Till vic-tory crowns the strife. Then onward joyful-ly, firm and trustful-ly, Marching steadi-ly,
In triumph adorn our shield.
The tempter, the world, and sin.
Their vic-to-ry-song on high.

brave and strong, Shouting VIC-TO-RY, glorious vic-to-ry, Shouting VIC-TO-RY all day long.

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The Future lies before me.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

1. Oh, I oft-en sit and pon-der, When the sun is sink-ing low, Where shall yonder future find me: Does but God in heav-en know? Shall I be a-mong the liv-ing? Shall I min-gle with the free? Wheresoe'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
2. Shall I be at work for Je-sus, Whil'st he leads me by the hand, And to those around be say-ing, Come and join his hap-py band? Come, for all things now are rea-dy, Come, his faith-ful foll-'wer be; Oh, where'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
3. But perhaps my work for Je-sus Soon in fu-ture may be done, All my earthly tri-als end-ed, And my crown in heav-en won; Then for-ev-er with the ran-somed Thro' e-ter-ni-ty I'd be Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

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The Future lies before me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - ture lies be- fore me, And I know . . . not where I'll be,

Oh, the future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be,

But where'er . . . . my path be lead - - ing Saviour, keep . . . . my heart with thee.

But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, : as it | is in | heaven:
2. *Give us this | day our* | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. *And lead us not into* temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil: ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and *power, and* the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

136 S. H. H.

The Fountain is Opened.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. The Lord is the fountain of goodness and love, In E - den once flowing in streams from above,
2. Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain, Our Saviour has opened the fountain a- gain,
3. How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road! When led down the stream by the angel of God,
4. Say not, "I'm a sin- ner, and must not partake," For this ver - y rea - son the Lord bids you take;

Re - freshing each moment the first hap-py pair, Till sin stopped the torrent and brought in despair.
Now mingled with mer-cy, and rich with free grace, From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.
Tho' shallow at first, yet we find it at last A riv - er, so boundless it can- not be passed.
Say not "I'm un-wor-thy," tho' vil - est of all, For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

CHORUS.

The fountain is o - pen for cleansing to all; The Spir - it is pleading, oh, hear the sweet call!

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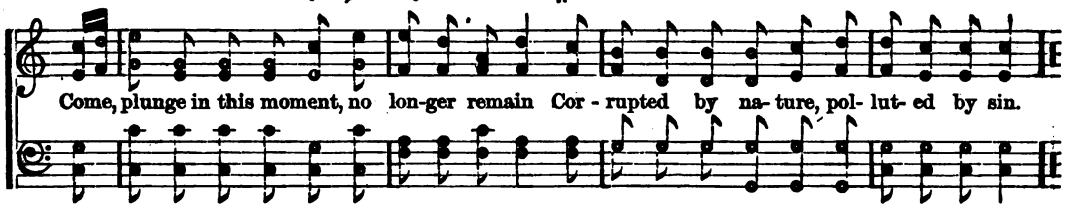
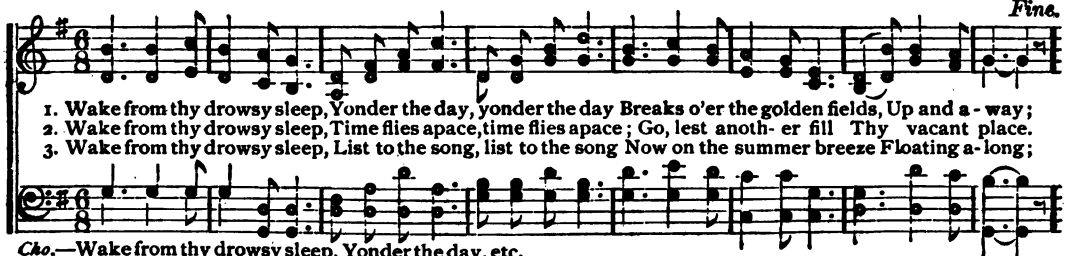
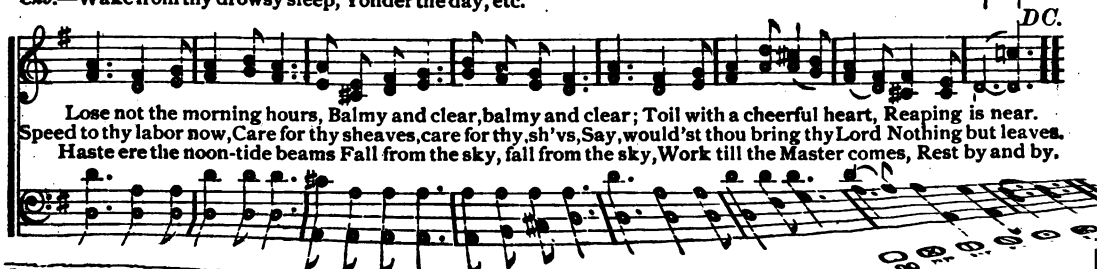


Up and Away.

Frank Gould. Jno. R. Sweney.





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Give Glory to God.

Rev. J. H. Martin. — Psalm c. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.

1. Give glo - ry to God, all ye lands of the earth, Resound ye his praises with music and mirth, With gladness and triumph his hon - ors proclaim, And pub - lish abroad his a - dor - a - ble name.
2. Know ye that the Lord is Cre - a - tor alone!—The God of all nations!—his majes - ty own; 'Tis he that has made us,—the work of his hands,—With songs of rejoic - ing ex - tol him, ye lands.
3. Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and praise, Appear in his courts with sweet, jubilant lays; Be thankful, and bless his ex - alt - ed great name, With loud hal - le - lu - jahs his glo - ry proclaim.
4. Je - ho - vah is good and his mercies are sure, His word and his kingdom forev - er endure; For ag - es on ag - es his prom - ise shall stand; Ye na - tions, a - dore him, and keep his command.

CHORUS. *much faster.*

Give glo - - - ry to God, ... thanksgiv - - - ing and praise, . . . Ho-
Give glo - ry to God, give glo - ry to God, thanks giv - ing and praise, thanksgiv - ing and praise, Ho-

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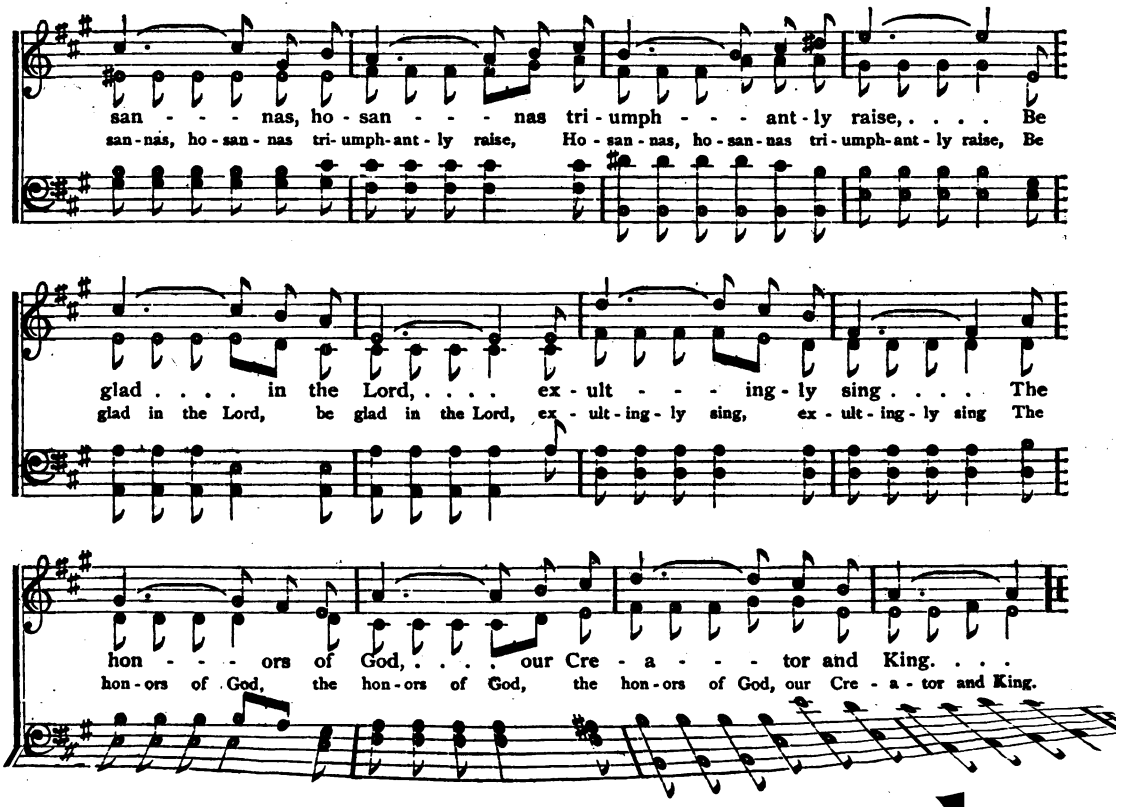
san - - - nas, ho - san - - - nas tri - umph - - - ant - ly raise, ... Be
san - nas, ho - san - nas tri - umph - ant - ly raise, Ho - san - nas, ho - san - nas tri - umph - ant - ly raise, Be
glad . . . . in the Lord, ... ex - ult - - - ing - ly sing . . . . The
glad in the Lord, be glad in the Lord, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, ex - ult - ing - ly sing The
hon - - - ors of God, ... our Cre - a - - - tor and King. . . .
hon - ors of God, the hon - ors of God, the hon - ors of God, our Cre - a - tor and King.

Sabbath Bells.

Jennie Garnett. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hark, hark the sabbath bells are ring - ing, Hear the joy - ful call, there is room for all; O
2. And still a- gain, in tuneful numbers, Hear the welcome sound of the bells rebound; Make
3. And now they ring in soft - er measure, Now they gen - tly say, come a- way, a - way, The
4. O rest, that makes our home in glo - ry To the heart more dear as the tones we hear Of

S. *Fine.* CHORUS.

come, ye wea - ry, to the house of prayer; There is room, room for all. Where the faithful meet,
haste to worship your Redeem - er, King; There is room, room for all.
Lord is waiting in his courts to day; There is room, room for all.
bells, whose e- cho on the breeze proclaims, There is room, room for all.

D. S.—come, ye wea- ry, to the house of prayer; There is room, room for all.

D. S.

a- round the mer - cy seat, Where the soul is fed with Christ the liv - ing bread; O

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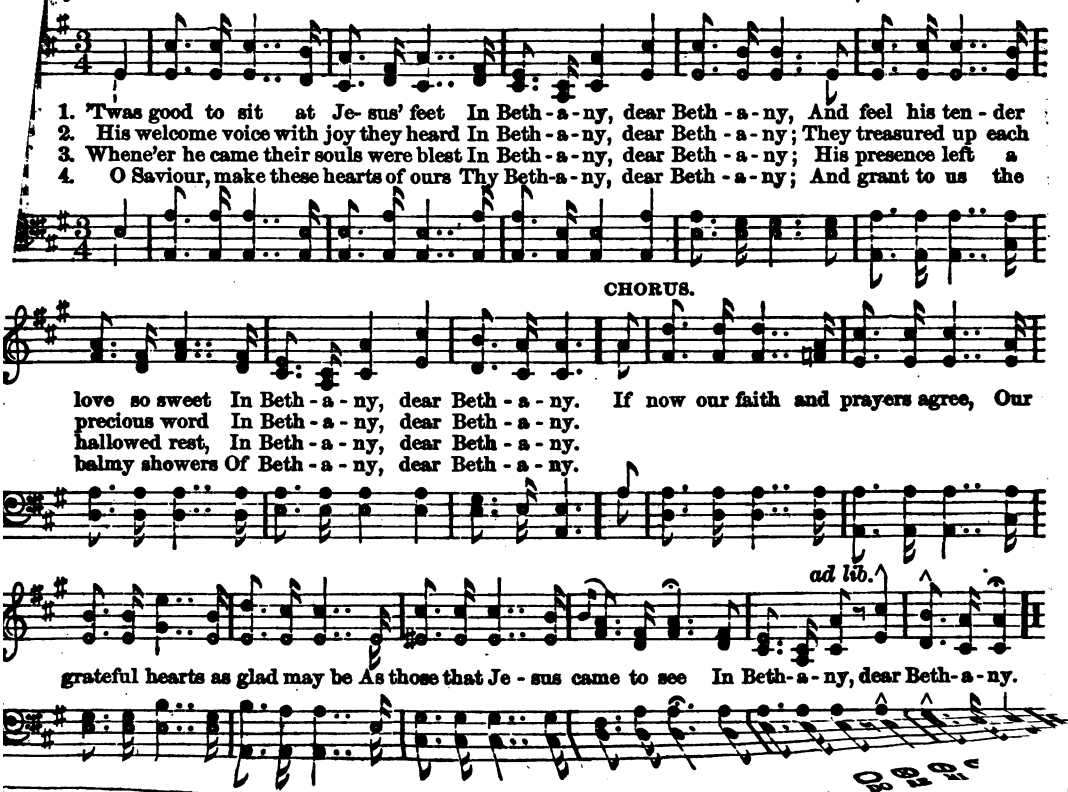
In Bethany.

F. J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Turn, oh, turn thy footsteps homeward.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. Turn, oh, turn thy footsteps homeward, In the desert roam no more, Lo, the Saviour waits thy coming,—
2. Turn, oh, turn thy footsteps homeward, Ere thy spirit faint and die, Living bread and liv-ing wa-ter
3. Turn, oh, turn thy footsteps homeward, Leave thy path so dark and wild, Let redeeming love transform thee
4. Turn, oh, turn thy footsteps homeward, See, the door is o-pen wide; How the Saviour longs to bless thee!

CHORUS.

Waits with welcome at the door. Come a-way, come to-day; Hark, the an-gels chide thy
He thy Saviour will sup-ply.
From a reb-el to a child.
Thou hast sinn'd but he has died.

ad lib.

stay; (*come away;*) Do not slight this great sal-va-tion; Come to Je-sus, come to-day.

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The Wayside Well.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. INO. R. SWENEY.

1. On- ward, on- ward, let the watchword be; For- ward, for- ward, ev - er singing cheer- i - ly;
2. On- ward, on- ward, la - bor with the day, Sow - ing, reap - ing, do- ing good where'er we may;
3. On- ward, on- ward, trusting in the Lord, On- ward, on- ward, guided by his blessed word;
4. On- ward, on- ward, time will soon be o'er, Night is coming, then our hands can work no more;

Faint not, droop not, lift your eyes and see, Just a step be- fore us stands the wayside well.
Pil - grim voic - es cheer us while they say, Je - sus now is sit- ting at the way- side well.
Ev - 'ry tri - al hath its own re- ward; Je - sus now is smiling, at the way- side well.
When we gath - er on the oth - er shore, Sweet will be the mem'ry of the way- side well.

Fine.

D. S.—Faint not, droop not, lift your eyes and see Just a step be- fore us stands the wayside well.

CHORUS.

D. S.

How its waters glad the spirit, they who drink can tell; O how sweet to rest and linger By the wayside well.

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Lift Your Voices, Watchmen.

JAMES S. WELLS. MISSIONARY HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We love the grand old sto - ry Of him, our Lord and King, Who came in tender mer - cy The gift of life to bring; We love the grand old sto - ry: Our hearts with rapture swell When-ever we meet to - geth - er Its precious truths to tell. Then lift your voic - es, watchmen, With
2. We love the grand old sto - ry By countless millions told, We love the grand old sto - ry That brought us to the fold; But oh, we now are yearn - ing For those a - cross the wave Who plead with us to help them, Their dy- ing soul to save.
3. Go forth, ye Christian work- ers, The Bi- ble in your hand, And bear the gospel mes - sage To ev - 'ry heathen land; Go, plant the roy - al stand - ard On each benight - ed shore, Till day shall break resplendent, And darkness reign no more.

CHORUS.

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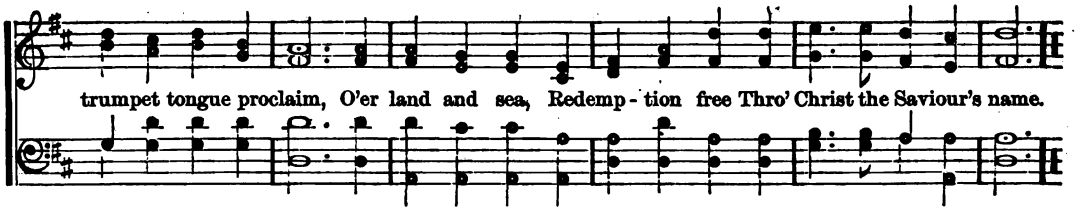
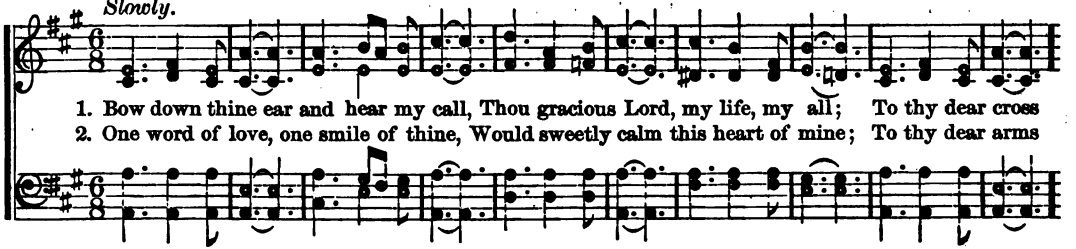
Lift Your Voices, Watchmen.—Concluded.

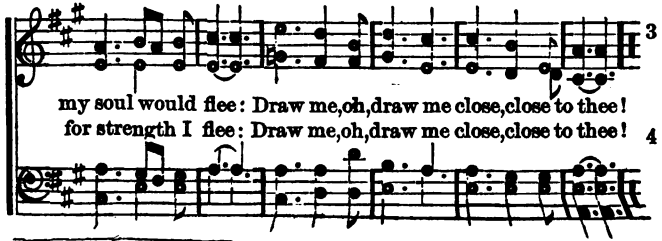


Close, Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Slowly.





3 By tempest tossed, by care oppressed,
I come to thee, my ark of rest;
My weary wings at peace would be:
Draw me, oh, draw me close, close to thee!

4 Thou Rock, where waves can never break,
Whose mighty power no storm can shake,
Be thou my trust on life's dark sea:
Draw me, oh, draw me close, close to thee!

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Shout the Victory.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. T. H. Ervin.

1. The war - cry is sounding! I hear it a - far,—And girding my ar- mor prepare for the war;
2. My foes once more gather, but heav - y with sleep, And weary with watching, no vig - il I keep;
3. The darts fly - ing thickly are wounding me sore, The foe- men are pressing behind and be- fore;

The foe shows an arm - y in bat - tle ar- ray, While I, sin- gle-hand - ed, engage in the fray.
But sud- den - ly waking, I trem- ble with fear, So feeb - ly re - sist - ing the en - e - my near.
My shield, soiled and broken, no more can defend; A cry for a help - er t'ward heaven I send.

Key Eb. CHORUS. Key Bb.

A stalwart form appearing, Foes flee apace In sore disgrace, I turn and see my Saviour's face, I

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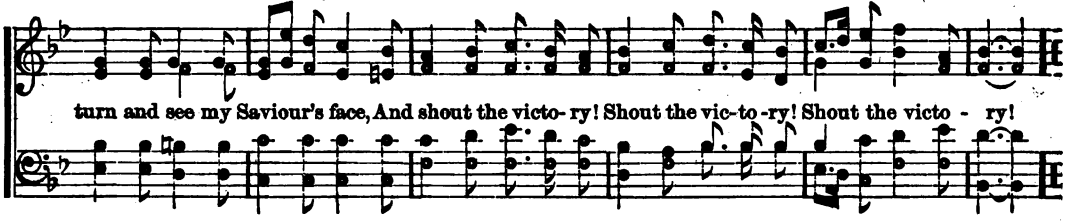
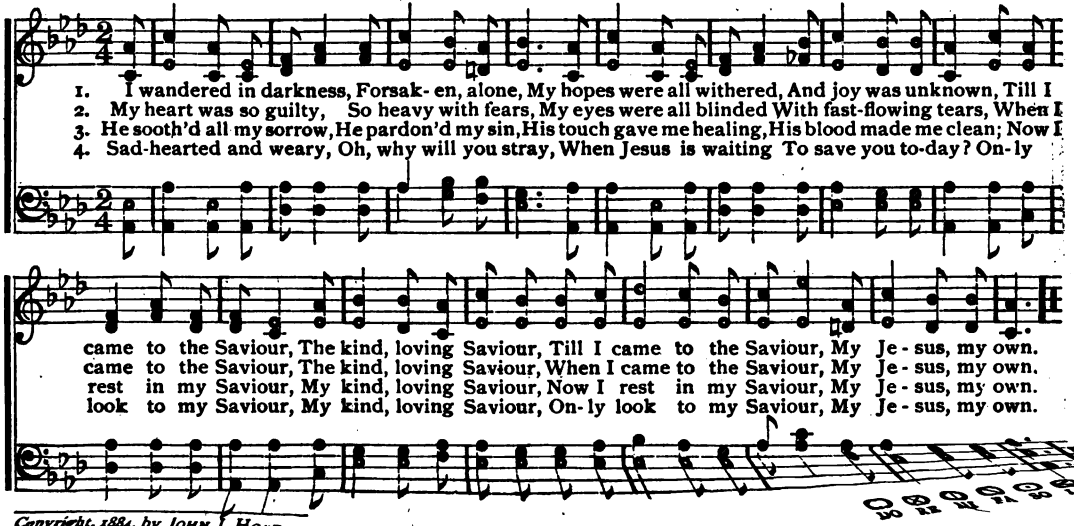
Shout the Victory.—Concluded.



Jesus, My Own.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Over the Jasper Sea.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God above, The ci-ty to which I go, There sweet are the songs of re-
2. There's light in that city, the light of day, Unclouded, and pure, and fair; No evening o'ermantles its
3. They rest in that ci-ty who labored here, For labor and toil are o'er; There griefs are forgotten and
4. They dwell in that city with Christ the Lord, Their crowns at his feet they cast, And oh, they are reaping a

CHORUS.

deeming love, There rivers of pleasure flow. And while as a pilgrim on earth I roam There
brilliant ray, No darkness can en-ter there.
ev-'ry tear,—They hunger and thirst no more.
blest re-ward For trials and conflicts past.

cometh this joy to me: Not here is my treasure, not here my home, But over the Jas-per Sea.

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Divine Guidance.

Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In this world of sin and danger, How I need a constant guide! Wi - ly foes are all around me,—
2. While thy mighty hand shall hold me,—Weak and helpless tho' I be,—Safely I shall pass thro' dangers,
3. Trusting in thy loving guidance, Peaceful - ly I tread the way; Look-ing ev-er un-to Je - sus,

Jesus, keep me near thy side. Blessed Saviour, Blessed Saviour, Let me in thy love a - bide; Blessed
Fearless of the foes I see. Dear Redeem-er, Dear Redeem-er, All my trust is stayed on thee; Dear Re-
Thou wilt never let me stray. Great Protector, Great Protector, Thou wilt keep me night and day; Great Pro-

Saviour, Blessed Sav- iour, Let me in thy love a - bide.
deem-er, Dear Redeem-er, All my trust is stayed on thee.
tect - or, Great Protect - or, Thou wilt keep me night and day.

4 Under thy blest wing of mercy
How securely do I rest!
Clouds may come and fearful tempest,
But I'm leaning on thy breast.
Blessed shelter,
Here no enemies molest.

5 Jesus, how thy loving kindness
Hedges all my onward path,
How thy mercy doth inclose me!
"Thou wilt guide me unto death."
I will praise thee!
Praise thee with my latest breath.
D. S.

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The Land Far Away.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

L. Edmonston.

1. I sing of a land, a land far a-way, With its rich-es and pleasures un-told,
2. I sing of a rest, a rest, oh, how sweet, When life's wea-ry cares are all o'er;
3. I sing of a home, "the home of the soul," Whose bright glo-ries "eye hath not seen,"

Where the light of God's love is the light of that day, And its beauties no tongue can un-fold.
A ha-ven of bliss, my friends there I'll greet, And Je-sus my Sav-iour a-dore.
Where ag-es on ag-es e-ter-nal-ly roll, And its joys are for-ev-er se-rene.

CHORUS. *ff*

Oh, sing of a land far a-way, Its rich-es and pleasures un-told; Where the

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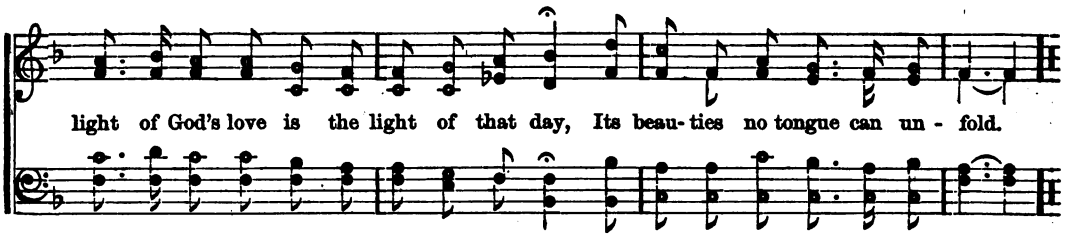
The Land Far Away.—Concluded.

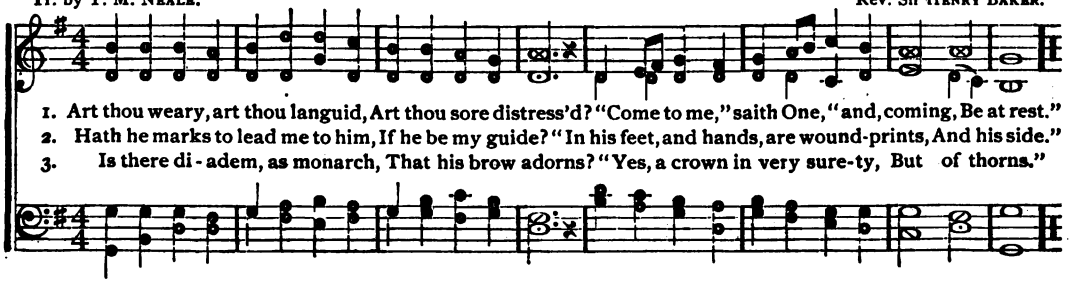


4 I sing of a crown, a palm, and a lyre,
Which Jesus my Saviour will give;
For all who press onward, and upward aspire,
Shall life everlasting receive.

5 When I sing my last song, and death sets me free,
Come, angels, come, bear me away
Where "the King in his beauty" forever I'll see,
In the land that is fairer than day.

Art Thou Weary.

Tr. by T. M. Neale. Rev. Sir Henry Baker.



4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Hold up the Banner.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hold up the gos-pel ban-ner; Let all the peo-ple see The glorious bi-ble mot-to: Sal-
2. Oh, wonder-ful Re-deem-er! Thy mighty power we prove To save poor, guilty sin-ners: Oh,
3. Hold up the bi-ble ban-ner,—The precious, ho-ly Word Show forth the mighty Sav-iour,—Our
4. Hold up the gos-pel ban-ner, The wondrous truth proclaim: An ut-termost sal-va-tion Is

CHORUS.

vation full and free. Hold up the ban-ner, Hold up the ban-ner, The blessed gospel
vast, stupendous love!
glorious, ris-en Lord.
found in Je-sus' name. Hold up the gospel ban-ner, Hold up the gospel ban-ner,

ban-ner our own commander gave, our own command-er gave; Proclaim, proclaim the great sal-

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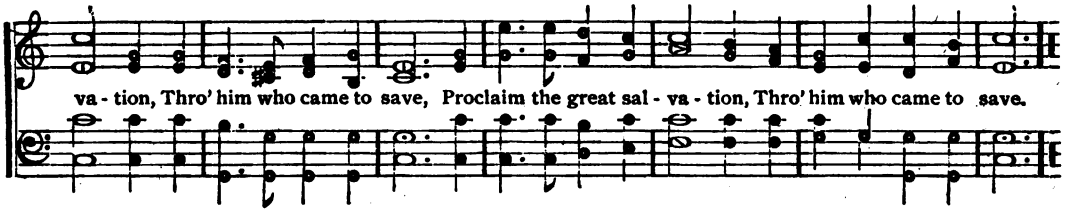
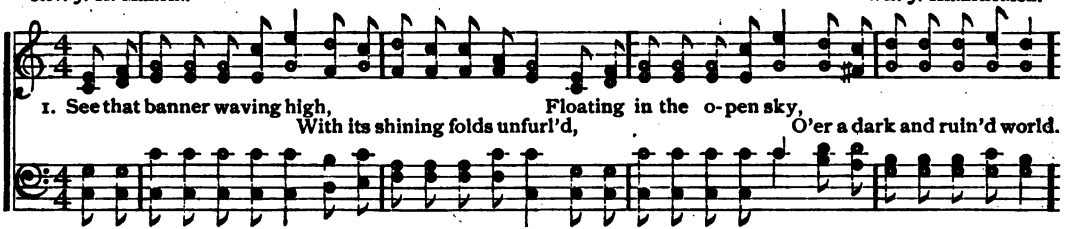
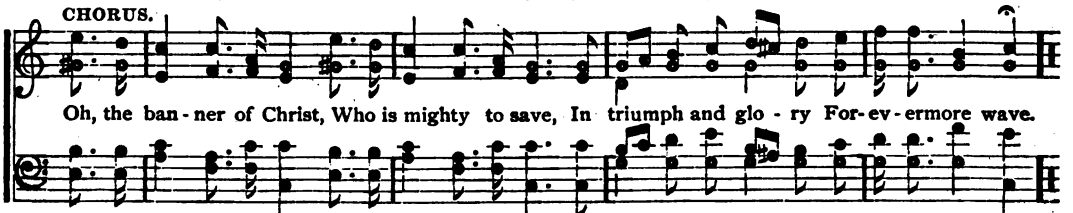


Banner of the Cross.

Rev. J. H. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





2 Bear aloft this ensign bright,
Symbol of the bloody cross;
Emblem dear of love and light,
Saving souls *from endless loss.*

3 'Tis the herald to our race
Of salvation full and free,
Sign of rich, redeeming grace,
Pardon, peace, and liberty.

4 Rally round this flag divine,
Standard of redeeming love.
Signal fair, and bright ensign
Of a kingdom from above.

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Trusting in the Rock.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am trusting in the Lord and re-joic-ing all the while, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion;
2. O, the precious blood he shed, how it cleanseth me from sin, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion;
3. He is leading me by faith; hal-le-lu-jah to his name! Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion;
4. But I'll sing a sweeter song when my journey here is o'er, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion;

I am walking in the light of a Saviour's loving smile, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion.
Tho' the stormy winds may blow, I have perfect peace within, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion.
I can sing with all my heart, and redeeming love proclaim, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion.
Yes, I'll sing it ev-ermore, when I reach the oth-er shore, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion.

CHORUS.

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Trusting in the Rock of my sal-va-tion.

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Trusting in the Rock.—Concluded.

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Trusting in the Rock of my sal - va - tion.

Take me as I am.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die; Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to thee I cannot move, Oh,
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew, And work both in and by me, too, But
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the vict'ry won, Still, still my cry shall be alone, Oh,

D. S.—bring thy free sal- va- tion nigh, And

Fine. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

take me as I am. Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

From "The Garner," by per.

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Whatsoever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What-so-ev-er we ask of Je-sus, If on him our hearts be-lieve, What-so-ev-er we ask of Je-sus He has said we shall re-ceive. What-so-ev-er! oh, boundless word!
2. When the per-ish-ing ones around us, Bur-dens on our souls, we bear, If we earnest-ly plead with Je-sus He for them will grant our prayer.
3. What-so-ev-er we ask of Je-sus, Temporal good, or gifts that flow From the Spir-it of life e-ter-nal, He, our Sav-iour, will be-stow.
4. What-so-ev-er we ask of Je-sus, There our faith is cling-ing still, Meek-ly blending with each pe-ti-tion, Sav-iour, if it be thy will.

CHORUS.

What-so-ev-er! oh, praise the Lord! Whatsoev-er we ask be-lieving, He has said we shall receive.

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Brighter Sky Beyond.

EMMA PITT. WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is a brighter sky beyond Where clouds ne'er dim the way, There is another, brighter sphere, Where
2. I trust not in this earthly tent True happiness to gain, Its pleasures yield not pure content, Each
3. I have above a sweeter home, And do not dare despond, I see, through all the storms that come, The
4. The rainbow of a Saviour's love Shall paint each dripping cloud, And thro' the shining realms above I'll

CHORUS.

beams an end- less day. I am looking to that other, brighter clime, Where perfect bliss shall be found,
joy is tinged with pain.
bright-er sky be - yond.
sound his name a - loud.

Where 'tis al- ways glorious, golden summer- time, 'Neath the brighter sky be - yond. yond.

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Open the Door.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, the Sav- iour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the door of thy heart;
2. Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him, Long he has wait- ed thy ans - wer to hear;
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darkened? What if the Saviour should call thee no more?
4. While he is call- ing and waits to be gracious Haste to admit him, the warning o - bey;

Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly receive him, Or wilt thou bid him in sor - row de- part?
Still he is knocking, how canst thou be silent? Now at this moment thy doom may be near.
Think of the anguish, thy spir - it ap- pal- ing, Knowing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.
While he is hold - ing the scep - tre of pardon, Quick - ly receive him—no long - er de - lay.

CHORUS.

O - pen the door, 'tis the Sav- iour knocking, Pa- tient - ly knocking to - day at thy heart;

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Open the Door.—Concluded.

ad lib.

O - pen the door, 'tis the Sav - iour knocking, Knocking, knocking,—must he de - part?

Jesus, I come to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold thou thy wea - ry child Safe to thy breast.
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I perish, Lord, Save or I die.
3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
4. Swiftly the parting clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy bow appears, Love - ly and bright.

CHORUS.

Rocked on a storm - y sea, Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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Walk in the Footsteps of Jesus.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Adam Geibel.

1. Walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, They nev- er can lead you a- stray: 'Tis the shining path to glo - ry, The true and the liv - ing way; Thro' a world of sin and sad - ness They will guide your wea - ry feet: To a world of light and glad - ness, To a home of bliss com - plete.

2. Walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, The Light, the Truth, and the Way, And your path will shine more bright - ly, Shine on to the per - fect day; Oh, the sha - dows of the eve - ning Nev - er can obscure the light, For the ful - ness of its glo - ry Will destroy the shades of night.

3. Walk in the footsteps of Je - sus! The lips of the dumb shall sing, And the broken heart with re- joic - ing Shall shouts of the ransomed bring; To man - y-a wea - ry pil - grim From a- bove light shall ap - pear, From the vaulted sky heav'n's glo - ry All your path will brighten here.

Cho.—Walk in the footsteps of Je - sus, They nev- er can lead you a- stray: 'Tis the shining path to glo - ry, The true and the liv - ing way.

Fine Key F.

D. C.

Key Bb.

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Trusting and Believing.

JENNIE LEWIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am looking, ev- er looking with a firm, a - bid- ing faith, To the Refuge where my soul has trusted long,
2. I am watching, ever watching with a calm and steadfast eye, Till the shadows of the twilight shall descend,
3. I am waiting, ever waiting, till my blessed Lord shall come, Till he gathers all his chosen ones, his own;
4. I am looking, watching, waiting, and the time is drawing near When my spirit from its casket shall be free,

ad lib. *Fine.*

To my Saviour and Redeemer, who has triumphed over death, For I know that in my weakness he is strong.
Till a gentle voice shall call me from the vineyard by and by, And the sowing in the reaping-time shall end.
Then I'll sing redeeming mercy with the ransom'd host at home, When I lay my humble sheaves before the throne.
When the anthems of the faithful at the river I shall hear, And reward- ed for my trusting I shall be.

D. S.—anchored, safely anchored, on the everlasting Rock; O, my faith is growing brighter ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I am trust - ing and believ - ing, And my joy the world can never take away; [*take away;*] I have

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"Watch."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Ye know not when I shall come, It may be in the morning light, When the bright sun creeps in your chamber doors, Dis - pelling the shadows of night; It may be in the ear - ly morn - ing, Ere the shadows have left the hills, While the mist is yet a - ris - ing From the pools in the lit - tle rills;

2. Ye know not when I shall come; It may be in the noon-day heat, When home from the work of the harvest field You are turning with wea - ry feet; It may be as you sit home, talk - ing Of the day so long with its care, That the first sweet notes of the angels May be borne to you thro' the air;

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REFRAIN.

So I bid you leave the door o - pen, I shall not stop then to knock;
So I bid you watch for my com - ing; If the door is shut and fast

If the door of the house is fas - tened I go—for I know you not.
I shall no long- er plead to en - ter, I shall turn from you at last.

3 Ye know not when I shall come;
It may be when the evening gray
Is making the long black shadows appear
From the poplars over the way;
It may be as the lamps are burning,
As your little ones cluster around,
That faint in the far-off heaven
My coming to you may sound;

Ref.—So watch. Let the house be in order,
Keep a guard upon the door,
So I, *thy Christ, may enter*
And abide forevermore.

4 Yes, I'll await thy coming,
Be it morning, noon, or night;
I will list with the heart of a watcher
Whose master may come in sight;
And the door shall be always open,
For fear that I, in my sleep,
May wake too late to open
When I hear my Master's feet.

Ref.—So I wait, for the time I know not
When my Master's work is done;
I only know that he bids me "watch,"
And says, "I will surely come."

O, Come and be Happy.

GEORGE BEAVERSON.

1. O, come and be hap - py with Je - sus, For why should we long - er de - lay?
2. O, come and be hap - py with Je - sus, Who died that his chil - dren might live:
3. Our hearts he will guard in his keep - ing, Our strength he will dai - ly re - new,

The pleasures of time that sur - round us, Like shadows are pass - ing a - way;
To those who by faith will re - ceive him, The wa - ter of life he will give;
His beau - ti - ful star is be - fore us, Then glad - ly our jour - ney pur - sue;

His Spir - it is ear - nest - ly plead - ing, How ten - der - ly sweet is the call:
Come, learn at the feet of the Sav - iour, How great his com - pas - sion and love,
Oh, live for a crown of re - joic - ing, And live that we ev - er may share

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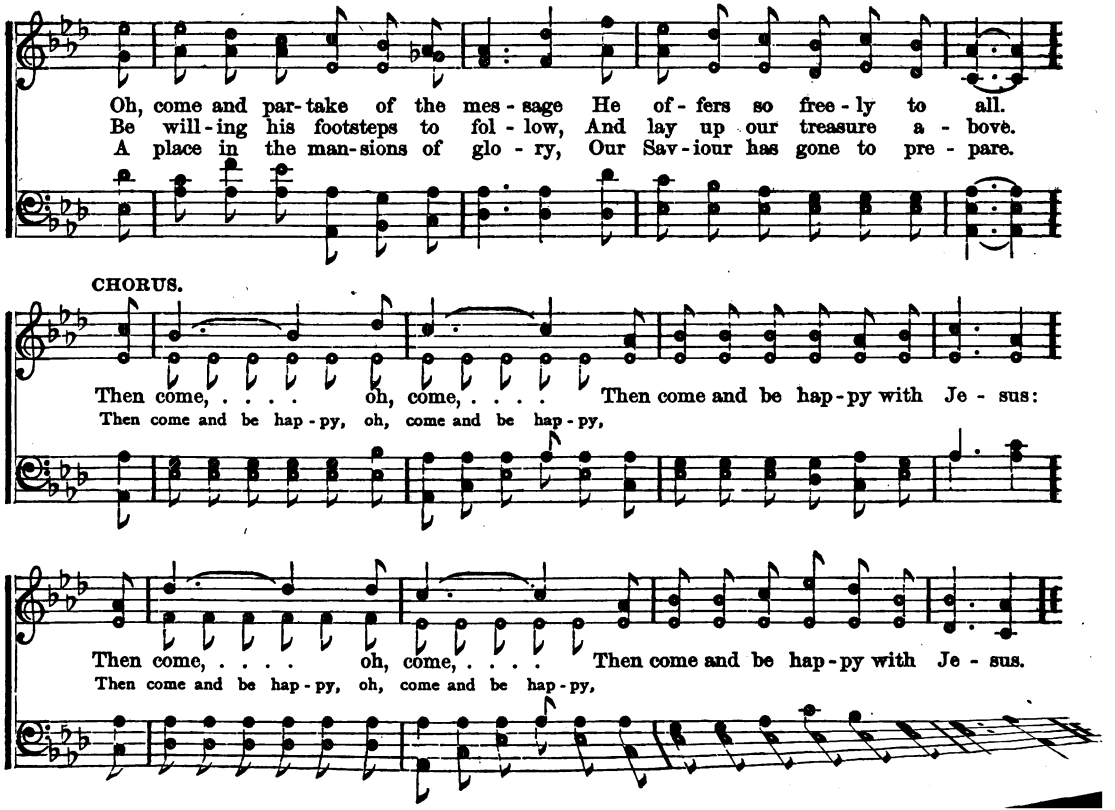
Oh, come and par-take of the mes-sage He of-fers so free-ly to all.
Be will-ing his footsteps to fol-low, And lay up our treasure a-bove.
A place in the man-sions of glo-ry, Our Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare.
CHORUS.
Then come, ... oh, come, ... Then come and be hap-py with Je-sus:
Then come and be hap-py, oh, come and be hap-py,
Then come, ... oh, come, ... Then come and be hap-py with Je-sus.
Then come and be hap-py, oh, come and be hap-py,

WILLIAM B. ELLIOT.

Room for the Children There.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a place of rest where the faithful meet, Where they sit and learn at the Saviour's feet, Where the
2. There's a feast of joy by the Saviour spread, Where the poorest soul by his hand is fed, Where the
3. There are cooling streams, from the rock they flow, And to ev'ry one they are free, they know, Where the
4. There's a home beyond, 'tis a home of light And its gold - en fields are for- ev - er bright, Where a

ten - der smile of his love they share; We are glad there is room for the children there.
weak grow strong, while the cross they bear; We are glad there is room for the children there.
soul may drink and for - get its care; We are glad there is room for the children there.
star - ry crown the redeemed shall wear; We are glad there is room for the children there.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is room for the children there, Room in the fold of a Saviour's care;

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These are his words, "Let them come to me, For of such as they shall my king - dom be."

In Thy Likeness.

Harriet Mabel Spalding. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When shall I, Lord, in thy blest likeness wake, Shaped to an im - age fair, for thy sweet sake?
2. A lit - tle less of earth, my spir - it cries, More faith in thee, more patient sac - ri - fice,
3. Then, soon the heavenly portals I shall gain, Freed from all taint of grief, or pulse of pain;
4. Then shall I, Lord, in thy blest likeness wake, Ransomed and glo - ri - fied for thy dear sake;

With robes of white, by no earth-dust de- filed, Made pure thro' grief, and sinless as a child.
More hope of mer - cy, offered full and free, A less- er love of self and more of thee.
Give me that strength, whereby I conqu'ring win, For- give, I pray, and bid me en - ter in.
All life is vain, save that which thou cans't give; My heart, obey, know thou the truth, and live!

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Thanks be to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thanks be to God who watches o'er his peo- ple, Thanks for his mer- cy, his kind and gentle care;
2. Thanks be to God that still we dwell in safe- ty, Thanks for the u - nion of this our hap-py land;
3. Thanks be to God who crowns the year with blessings, Guides and protects us thro' all our pilgrim way;
4. Thanks be to God whose Word is ev- er- last - ing, Thanks for his promise of joys that nev-er die;

Praise him, our souls and all that is within us, Now in his temple a grateful song pre- pare.
Thanks for the peace and plen-ty that surround us, Gifts from our Father who o - pens wide his hand.
Thanks be to God for each re - volving sea - son, Thanks for the mercies of each re - turn-ing day.
Thanks for a light that shines beyond the riv-er, Thanks for a mansion, a home beyond the sky.

CHORUS.

Thanks be to God, thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, in whom we live and move;

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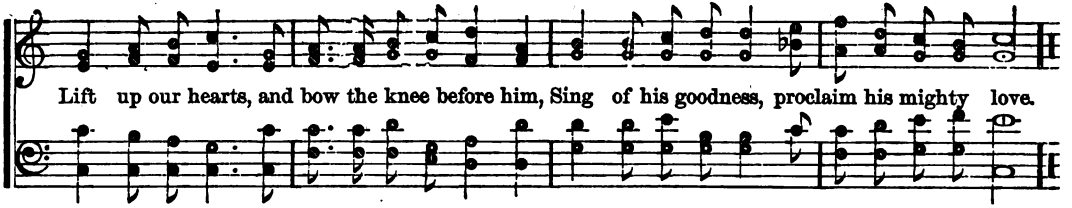
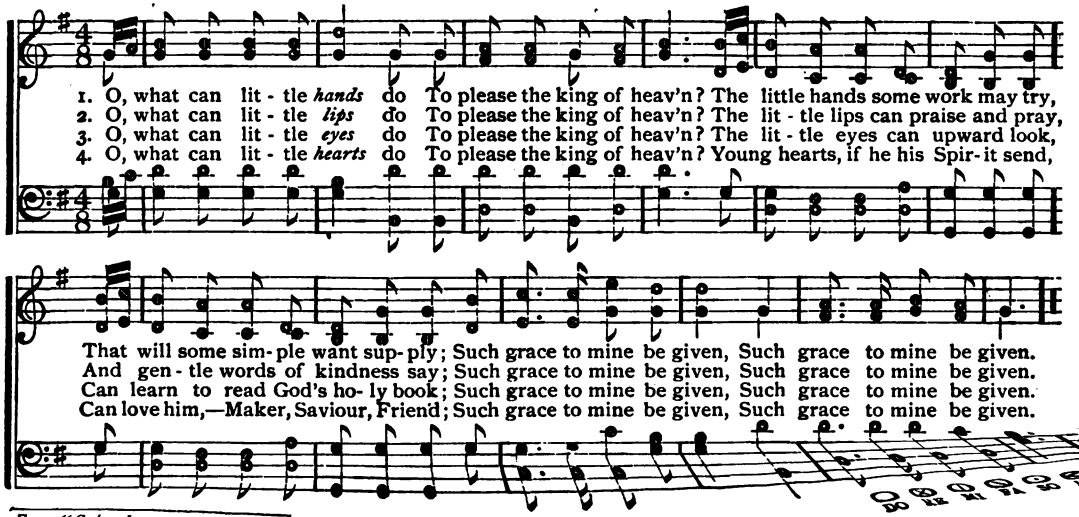
Thanks be to God.—Concluded.



What can Little Hands do?

Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale. Chas. Edw. Prior.



From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Our Thanks, Glad Thanks.

W. H. Ruddiman. FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. With an - thems of praise we come to - day To him who is Lord a - lone,
2. For gifts of his love our hearts re - joice, For hopes that, with kind - ling glow,
3. Be tune - ful our tongues with grand - est lays, His ex - cel - lent name to sing;
4. May years yet in store his good - ness own, And filled with the life di - vine,

Whose mer - cies have filled our flow - 'ry way, And saved from sor - rows un - known.
Our lives have a - roused to no - bler choice, And spread their grac - es be - low.
His Fa - ther - ly care our steps sur - veys, And ev - 'ry bless - ing will bring.
Prove strong for the cross, and then the crown, When all his jew - els shall shine.

CHORUS.

Our thanks, glad thanks, We will raise to our God and King.

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Hosanna to our King.

E. D. B.

E. D. BEDDALL.

1. The mul - ti - tude their garments spread, As Je - sus rode a - long; The children all ho-
2. For - bid them not, the Sav - iour said, But let them come to me; Un - to my arms let
3. Out of the mouths of babes so dear The Lord has per - fect praise; He con - descends from

CHORUS.

san - na said,—Hosan - na, was their song. Ho - san - - na, ho - san - - na To our
them be led, I will their Saviour be.
heav'n to hear The songs their voices raise. Ho - san - na to our glorious King, Hosan - na to our glorious King, Our

glorious King a - bove; His life he gave our souls to save; His name we'll ev - er love!

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Accept our Glad Praises.

Rev. Enoch Stubbs. [FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.] Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We come, blessed Saviour, a- gain un - to thee, As children we gath - er with gladness and glee; The sum - mer is come, with its sunshine and flow'rs, To cheer and to bless us with bright, joy - ous hours.
2. Not now as of old let the lad - der appear In vis - ion alone, but be ver - i - ly here; A stair - way of ho - ly in - struction be given, By which we may climb to the king - dom of heav'n.
3. Our fa - thers are pass - ing so swift - ly away, Make *us* wise and ho - ly and ear - nest, we pray; That when they are gone we may en - ter the fight, And bat - tle for Je - sus, for truth, and the right.
4. When meetings are ended, and summer is gone,—Death's winter approaches, our work all well done,—Then out of the cold of this world's snow and ice Receive us, dear Lord, to thine own par - a - dise.

CHORUS.

Ac - cept our glad praises, O Je - sus our King, With joy shall our voices in mel - o - dy ring; Of

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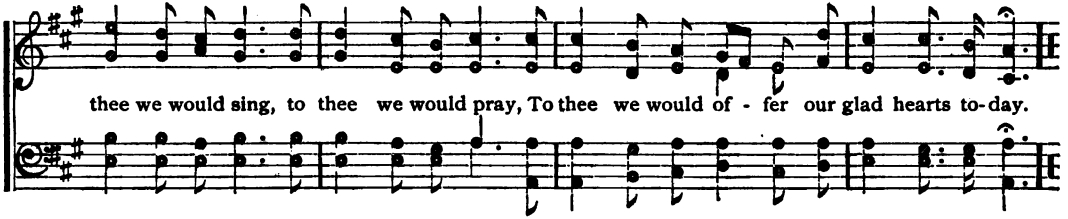
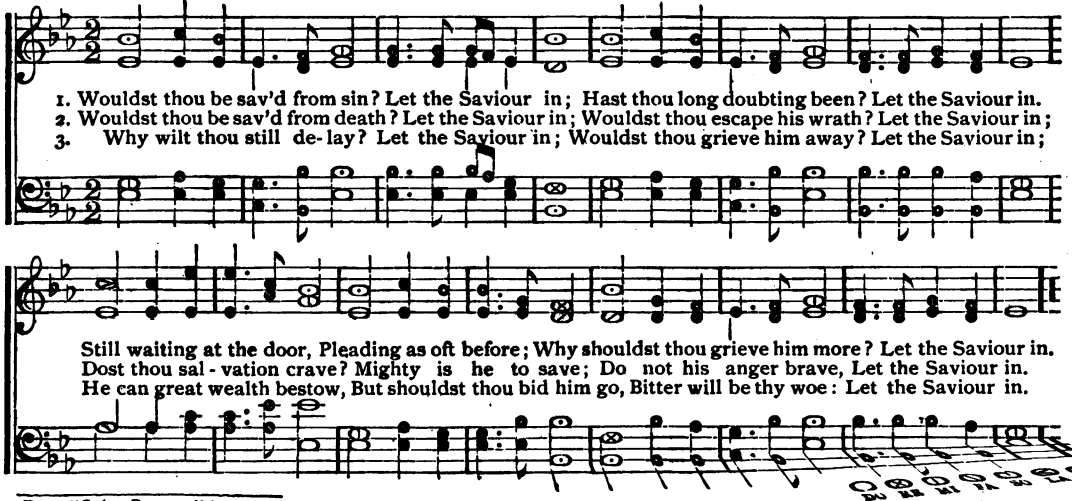
Accept our Glad Praises.—Concluded.



Let the Saviour in.

C. W. R. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii. 20. C. W. Ray.



From "Spicy Breezes," by per.

Song of Greeting.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BESSIE REECE. ADAM GEIBEL.

With spirit.

1. To you, kind friends, once more we come, With cheerful songs of greeting, With grateful hearts for mer - cies past, O'er lives, like our's, so fleet - ing; We meet a - gain, yes, meet a - gain! How sweet the thought comes o'er us! How bright the visions of the past, As now they flit be - fore us.
2. Tho' time hath strewn our path with wrecks, And treasur'd hopes have perished, And tho' among them lie our friends, So dear - ly loved and cher - ished; We meet a - gain, oh, yes, we meet To cheer the sad and tear - ful! For - get - ting care in hap - py song, Among the gay and cheer - ful.
3. Ye light of heart, come join our song, And praise the God of heav - en, Who to the earth with o - pen hand Hath ev - 'ry bless - ing giv - en; We meet a - gain to praise his name With voic - es loud and ring - ing; And may he guide, while we u - nite This song of welcome sing - ing.

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Song of Greeting.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, wel - come! wel - come! wel - come! friends; Our hearts with joy are beat - ing,

And our cheer - ful voic - es loud - ly swell In a song of kind - ly greet - ing.

Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. Baring Gould. "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."—Ps. iv. 8. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy *tenderest blessing*
May our eyelids close.

3 Thro' the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

A. K. W.

The Children's Day.

First Prize Hymn.

ADAM GEIBEL. By per.

p *With tenderness.*

1. This day the sound up- on the street Is not the march of hurried feet That
2. The ver - y birds that skim the air, The ten - der leaf- lets, pass- ing fair, Make
3. And as on earth our Saviour took A lit - tle child, with lov- ing look, In-

cres. *p*

pass a-long the way, That pass, That pass a- long the way; It is the gentle, measured tread Of
glad this festive day, Make glad, Make glad this festive day; The joy of life in sky so blue, The
to his arms di- vine, In - to In - to his arms di-vine; Now help us, in our future years Let

ff *rit.*

youth and love, by glad hope led, For 'tis, for 'tis the Children's Day, For 'tis the Children's Day.
friends so strong, and tried, and true, Make bright, make bright our glorious way, Make bright our glorious way.
come what may of joy or tears, To be, to be as children thine, To be as children thine.

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God Bless our Pastor.

GEORGE BEAVERSON.

Allegretto.

1. God bless our pas - tor! may he be With heav'nly wis-dom crown'd! The light, the glad- ness of thy word With- in his heart a - bound; Oh, may he wake in ev - 'ry soul The love, the joy di - vine, The bles- sed hope and sym - pa- thy, Dear Saviour, which are thine!
2. God bless our pas - tor! to his heart Thy precious word re - veal, And may the Sav - iour, dear and kind, Ac - cept each fond ap - peal! Oh, 'mid the storms that gather round Be thou his hope and stay, To lead thy flock still nearer, Lord, Still heav'nward day by day.
3. God bless our pas - tor! light of truth For- ev - er round him shine! Watch o'er him with thy lov - ing care,—Make ev - 'ry ef - fort thine; Oh, sanc - ti - fy each thought and deed, And con - secrate to thee His life, his hopes, for- ev - ermore, All to thy glo - ry be!

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Our Festive Day so Bright.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ANNIVERSARY ANTHEM. JNO. R. SWENEY.

FULL CHORUS.

Behold the army of the Sunday-school, Our banners waving in the light; We come, protected by a

2d time go to Duet. INFANT SCHOOL.

Sav-iour's love, To hail our fest-ive day so bright. On-ward, on-ward we are marching, too,

D.C.

Lambs of Je-sus, keeping step with you; Oh, how gladly now we sing, Blessed be the Lord our King.

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Key Bb. DUET.

Spring, with her balmy showers, Wakes all the birds and flowers; Light-ly she trips a-long, And

rit.

fills our youthful hearts with song.

FULL CHORUS.

Key Eb.

Cheer-i-ly we lis-ten while the wild birds sing

Greet-ing, hap-py greet-ing, to the love-ly Spring; Mer-ry beams, that glis-ten where the

Our Festive Day so Bright.—Continued.

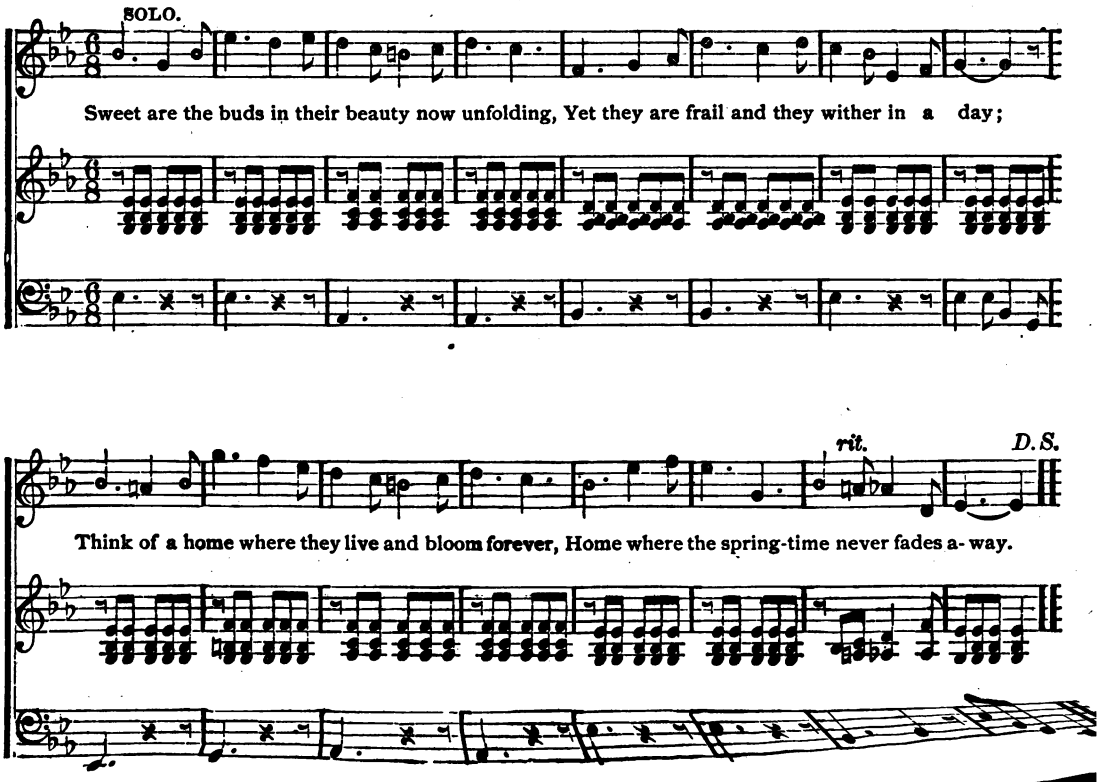
south-winds play, Are glad as we to - day; Thanks to our Cre- a - tor for a world so fair,

Praise for ev - 'ry bless- ing, ev - 'ry joy we share; Nature's man - y voic - es, o - ver

Fine.

hill and glen, Re- peat the loud A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

a - men, a - men,


SOLO.
Sweet are the buds in their beauty now unfolding, Yet they are frail and they wither in a day;
rit.
D.S.
Think of a home where they live and bloom forever, Home where the spring-time never fades a- way.

Come and meet us.

FANNY J. CROSBY. OPENING HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come and meet us, Lord, we pray, Bless our Sabbath-school to-day; At its ope-ning
2. Come and help us, Lord, our King, While our grate-ful praise we bring; May our hap-py
3. Come and lead us, Lord, our Guide, In thy sha-dow may we hide; Though our way we
4. Bless our kind instruct-ors, Lord, Faith-ful teach-ers of thy word, Give them pa-tience

CHORUS.

be thou near, May we feel thy presence here. Saviour, come, Saviour, come, Fill with joy our
cho-rus rise, Borne like incense to the skies.
can-not see, Still our faith may cling to thee.
while they sow Seed whose fruit for thee shall grow.

Sab-bath home: Draw our youth-ful hearts to thee, May we all thy chil-dren be.

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The Son of Thy Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CLOSING HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We thank thee, dear Father, for what we have heard, And pray that thy blessing may follow thy word;
2. We thank thee, dear Father, for moments so bright, When we in thy worship may gladly u- nite;
3. Ac- cept our de - vo- tion, and now as we part, We ask that thy Spir- it may dwell in each heart,
4. And when in thy tem- ple we gath- er no more, When meeting and parting on earth shall be o'er,

Oh, grant that wherev- er we children may go, Our lives and ex - am- ple its teaching may show.
Oh, may the instruction that here we re - ceive Lead ma - ny a-round us on thee to be- lieve.
May keep us from e - vil wher- ev - er we go, And help us in wisdom and knowledge to grow.
Oh, then to thy kingdom of joy may we come, And praise thee forev - er in glo - ry at home.

CHORUS.

Oh, hear us, dear Father, look down from above; We ask thee thro' Je -sus, the Son of thy love.

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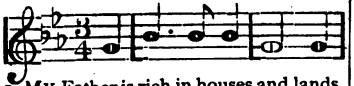
185 The Child of a King.



1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands! [gold,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

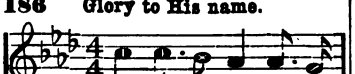
Cho.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men;
from sin! [
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven, by and by! [earth,

3 I once was an outcast stranger on
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth!
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down; [crown.
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there! [may sing;
Though exiled from home, yet, still I
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

186 Glory to His name.



1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died, [cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

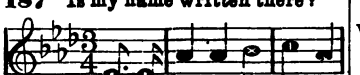
Cho.—Glory to his name, :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in; [clean,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

187 Is my name written there?



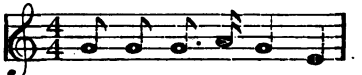
1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh, that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

188 Bringing in the sheaves.



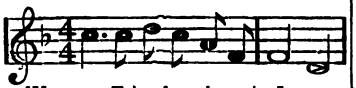
1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves. :‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spirit
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

189 **What a Friend.**

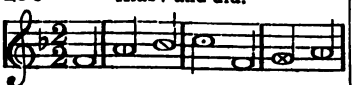


1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

190 **Alas! and did.**



1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such *a worm as I?*

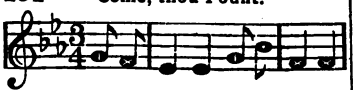
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

191 **Come, thou Fount.**

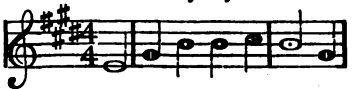


1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

192 **Missionary Hymn.**

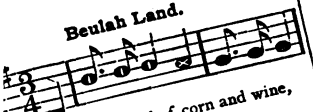


1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Beulah Land.



'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

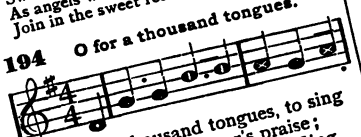
CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

194 O for a thousand tongues.



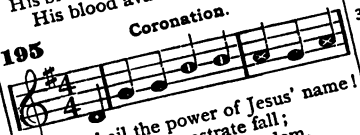
1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth a-
The honors of thy name. [broad,

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

195 Coronation.



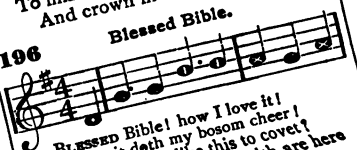
1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

196 Blessed Bible.

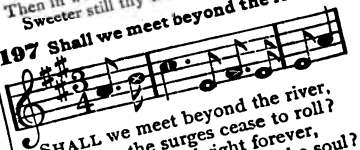


1 BLESSED Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What on earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand-
Speaking life as from the dead. ['rings.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death! no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

197 Shall we meet beyond the river.



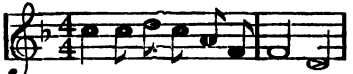
1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with Christ our Savi
When he comes to claim his c
Shall we know his blessed favor
And sit down upon his throne

198 Must Jesus bear the Cross.

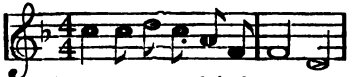


1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

199 Redeeming work is done.



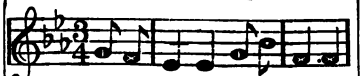
1 REDEEMING work is done,
The debt of sin is paid;
The precious Lamb of God,
My sacrifice is made.

Ref.—Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
And plead his grace so free;
I'll wash me in his blood,—
That blood was shed for me.

3 Yes, Jesus paid it all;
To him the glory be;
His love my pardon speaks,
And grace has set me free.

200 Blow ye the trumpet.

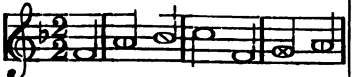


1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

201 Blest be the tie that binds.

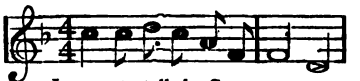


1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

202 I love to tell the Story.



1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

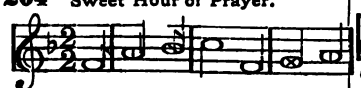
203 **Dennis.** [Tune, p. 164.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye.
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

204 **Sweet Hour of Prayer.**

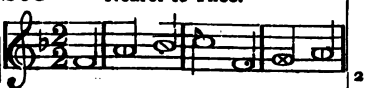


1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.:‖

205 **Nearer to Thee.**

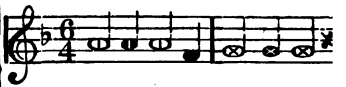


1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

206 **Jesus, lover of my soul.**

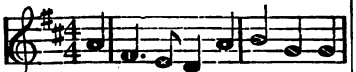


1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blin
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grac

207 **He Leadeth Me.**

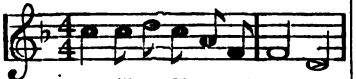


1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught?
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

208 **Saviour, like a Shepherd.**

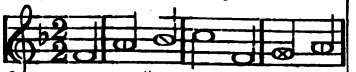


1 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

209 **The Rock that is higher than I.**



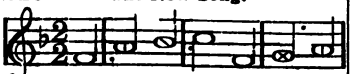
1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Cho.—|: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I. :|

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep
Or walking the shadowy vale.

210 **The New Song.**



1 There are songs of joy that I loved to sing
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of cheer
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

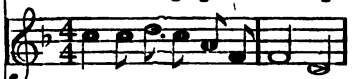
Cho.—Oh, the new, new song! Oh, the new, new song,
I can sing it now with the ransomed throng:
Power and dominion to him that shall reign;
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee?"

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

211 **The morning light is breaking.**



1 The morning light is breaking:
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

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